Senator Ball Reviews Wendell Willkie's "An American Program

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"EVERYBODY'S POLITICAL WHAT'S WHAT?"
by Bernard Shaw
Reviewed by Eric Russell Bentley

"THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION. CAESAR AND CHRIST"
by Will Durant
Reviewed by Brig.-Gen. Donald Armstrong

"THE FAITH AND FIRE WITHIN US"
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"DEMOCRACY BEGINS AT HOME"
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STRICTLY PERSONAL
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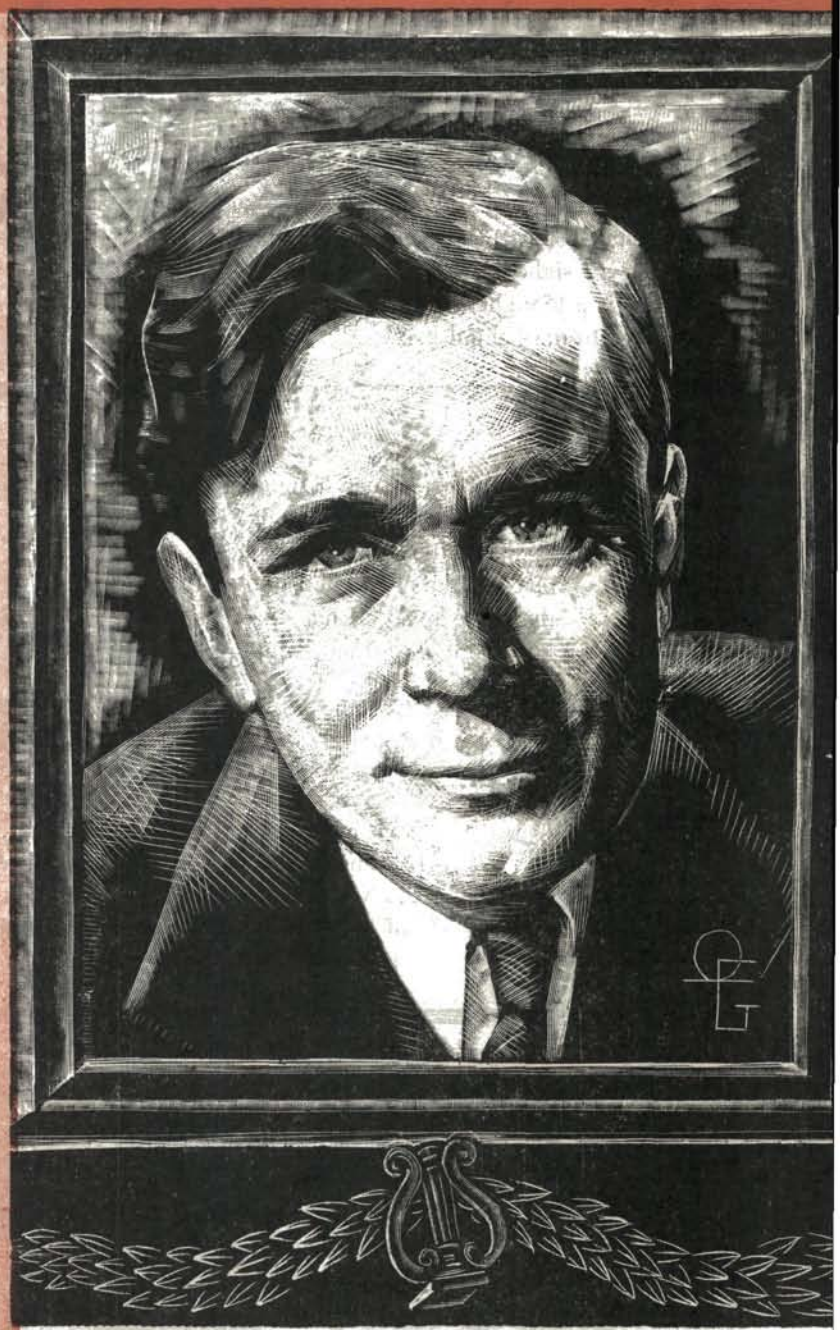

—SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield

WENDELL WILLKIE'S " 'An American Program' is the last, ringing shot of a great American liberal." (See page 8)

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This is Li Po,

the poet—compound of genius, loose living, and good heart. Said he: "All my life I have found women and trouble delightfully interlocked. The technique of cutting that union is gained only by considerable experience."

This is Han Im,

Han Im, the eunuch, whose outlook on life was not jaundiced, but merely simplified, told of what happened in the Palace at Chang-an. "In these frettings of a paper surface," he wrote, "I set my unruly offspring."

This is Winter Cherry

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Winter Cherry

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This is the Emperor

"No beauty is so white as Yang Kuei-fei, the Favorite. In summer, no blossom nears her cheek's perfection . . . No more does the Son of Heaven attend to matters of State: these are swept from his attention by her presence."

This is the Lady Yang

This is the Taoist Priest,

or the Guardian of the Hidden Spring. "To state the truth, when the truth is plain, is not enough," he said. "What matters is the heart."

The drawings are by WALTER DEFFAA

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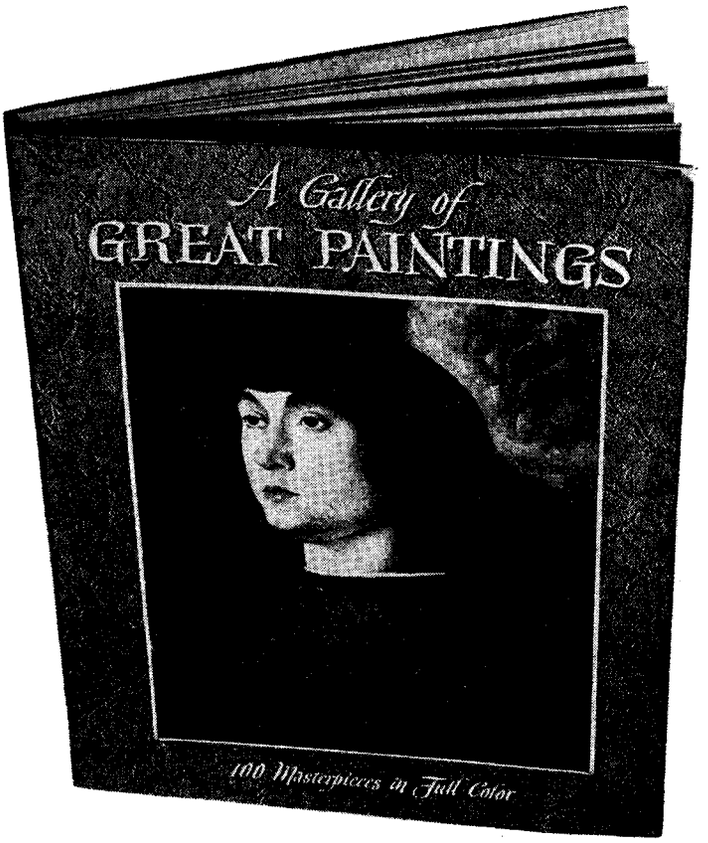

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"Good Luck, Bunny and Reg"

THE OTHER DAY we heard from a friend of ours, a writer who may be, judging from the respectable sales of her book, a friend of some of the SRL readers. She is Bernice Richmond, author of WINTER HARBOR. She and her husband own a lighthouse off the Maine Coast, and they have spent their summers there for the last five years. They had news for us; the summer had been fine and they had had a picnic party with twenty-five lobsters for five people. They had a new peapod boat. The hurricane had been a magnificent and terrifying sight from the tight safety of Winter Harbor Light.

And, hardy souls, they were going to have to spend most of the winter at the lighthouse for the first time, probably isolated by heavy seas for weeks on end, but they seemed to like the idea. They were landing coal, bag by bag, from a small boat over the deep wash of their rocky landing. Day by day, when the sea was calm enough, they were ferrying from the mainland heavy loads of potatoes, flour, beans, staples, and cans of kerosene for the lamps. They were planning and working hard, for winter at Winter Harbor is going to be for them yet another adventure in the long series of excitements, large and small, which have come to them since the lighthouse changed their lives.

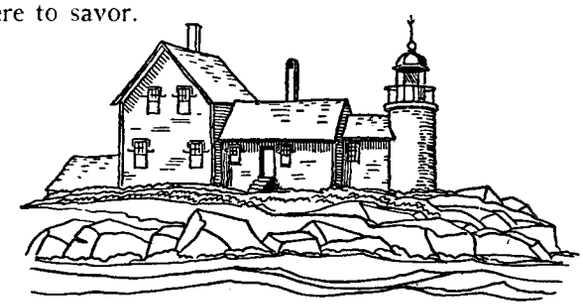
Reading Bunny Richmond's letter, we had very much the same sensation as when we first saw the manuscript of WINTER HARBOR. We instantly shared with Bunny and Reg the warmth and thrill of a special sort of experience. It was a simple, human, true story of two people who had very little money, held down city jobs, lived in a small apartment, lived the life of the canyon dwellers of New York the year round, and then suddenly had a minor windfall. Reg got an inheritance—$1500—and what would they do with it?

Since they were both Maine born and bred, their immediate decision was perhaps not surprising. They determined to buy a lighthouse. The U. S. Government had one for sale on Mark Island, just off the town of Winter Harbor, and Reg took a flying trip to Maine. The house was fine—two living rooms, two bedrooms, a big kitchen, and the lighthouse tower. The island was about four acres and the soil good for gardening. They bought it, and moved four tons of furniture across three miles of sea to make it their real home. Bunny's log, kept for the sheer pleasure of recording the days filled with work and weather, was the beginning of the book which her friends finally persuaded her to write.

A book like WINTER HARBOR is satisfying not only because it is escape – a flight from town to the wind-swept sea and country. It is not only fun because it brings the glories of sun and storm on the beautiful Maine coast right out of its pages, along with the steam of cunner chowder and lobsters bubbling over driftwood fires and freshly baked beans on the back of the stove. It is a magically friendly book because it tells about the joy of hard work on something a couple of people were taking care of—whitewashing the high tower

round and round, painting the house inside and out, building a ways in the boiling surf for *Geranium* the boat, keeping track of expenses and repairs, seeing how little these wonderful summers cost in money and how much they repaid in pure health and happiness.

"I feel as if I owe you a bread-and-butter letter for a fine vacation," one reader wrote to us. There have been hundreds of similar letters, and four editions of WINTER HARBOR have been printed in a year, so we know there have been many vicarious vacations among the reading public. For the kind of appreciation this book awakens in people there is a peculiar and pleasurable reward to a publisher. WINTER HARBOR is a book—true—but like all books that do something for a reader, it is a small and real piece of intense living, permanently caught, always there to savor.



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Ideas for Waging Peace

AN AMERICAN PROGRAM. By Wendell L. Willkie. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 58 *pp.* $1. *Paper-bound pamphlet,* $.25.

Reviewed by SENATOR JOSEPH H. BALL

WENDELL L. WILLKIE'S hoarse, vibrant voice is stilled forever. News of his sudden death caused a sharp tug of loneliness and fear in the hearts of millions of people. Loneliness because a great lover and champion of the people was gone. Fear because a stalwart and resolute fighter for liberty, justice, and peace had fallen, and the fight would be the harder for his absence.

But even though his voice will not be heard in the closing weeks of this national campaign, though his big, clumsy figure is gone from the political arena, Willkie still fights on for those principles to which he dedicated the last years of his life. He fights on in the little book, "An American Program," put together a few weeks before his death.

"An American Program" is a compilation of seven articles outlining the positions Willkie believed the Republican Party should take on major issues and a suggested platform draft, written before the Chicago convention, and two articles written subsequent to the party conventions analyzing the weaknesses and evasions of the Republican and Democratic platforms on foreign policy and the issue of racial minorities.

That Willkie himself regarded the book as a continuation of his fight for honesty and principles in politics, and particularly in this campaign, is clear from this final paragraph in his brief Foreword, written September 25, 1944:

> Believing that the influence of an aroused, informed public opinion is of incalculable value in a democracy, I once more urge that we demand now, while there is still time, meaningful statements on these matters from those who would be our leaders; and that in the future we continue watchful and alert that our purposes may be effective. For our attitude on our racial minorities and on our international obligations will constitute a test of our sincerity at home and abroad and of our ability to bring about, with other nations, a world of peace and security.

"An American Program" is not a great literary achievement. It is not too easy to read. It lacks the drama and color, the rich description, vivid characterizations, and sweeping narrative that made "One World" one of the great books of our times. "An American Program" is just what its author says it is: political pamphleteering. It is political pamphleteering at its best, by a man who used words forcefully to express ideas and ideals. It is the kind of political pamphleteering that laid the foundation for the Declaration of Independence, that secured the ratification of the Federal Constitution over the fears and doubts of the Tories, and that is now a cherished part of American literature.

To serve his unswerving passion for human liberty and justice and his boundless faith in the people, Willkie brought a keen mind, hard-won experience in American partisan politics,

—Harris and Ewing

Senator Joseph H. Ball: "It is not easy to remain an honest liberal in the hurly-burly of active political life."

and a tremendous knowledge and perception of history. As he so graphically demonstrated in "One World," he is convinced that the United States and, with us, the world are in the midst of a period of revolutionary political change as critical historically as that which occurred at the end of the eighteenth century. Only if the people and their political leaders courageously think through the fundamental issues facing us and find and support solutions in accord with our principles of liberty and justice, can we come through this crisis without grave impairment both of individual liberties and the whole democratic process.

Willkie's "An American Program" should be required reading for every American voter before the November 7 election, and its perusal by all candidates and party workers might help to raise the present low level to which American politics have sunk. I hope particularly that it will be read widely by all high school and college students, because the future is theirs, and it is to the future that we must look for the vindication of the principles for which Willkie fought so valiantly.

It is easy to be a liberal in the quiet seclusion of study or classroom, in the polite atmosphere of drawing rooms and salons, or in furthering some pet project where personal interest and liberal principles march together. It is not so easy to remain an honest liberal in the hurly-burly and rough give-and-take of active political life, working within a political party (either one) run for the most part by individuals to whom principles are a strictly secondary consideration, and subject to the crossfire of huge and well-organized pressure groups.

Willkie was a liberal who took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and battled it out in the political arena, coming through four years of the bitterest kind of political fighting with his principles still nailed firmly to his masthead. Willkie lost, and was greater in defeat than most men in victory. Though he died in the midst of the fight, his example will inspire others, and in the end his battle for integrity and principles in American politics may be won, indeed it must be won.

Nothing would contribute more to that much desired end than that every American should read and ponder "An American Program" between now and November 7. Not that all of us would or should agree with every position Willkie takes. That isn't the important thing. Willkie has defined clearly and succinctly the great fundamental issues facing us and the world in the decades immediately ahead and has stated unequivocally what he believes the liberal solution to be. What is important is that each of us define the issues as clearly and demand that our candidates for public office take as unequivocal a position on them. It is only in that way that this nation can chart a course for the future and do it through the democratic process. Failure to do so is all too likely to lead to a repetition of the policies of expediency and drift which landed us and the world in the present mess.

In his first chapter, "Federal Power and States' Rights," Willkie pays his respects to the states' righters in this typical fashion: "It is not the worn-out issue of states' rights versus strong Federal Government. That is not an issue; that is a relic." Asserting that the United States cannot be divided into forty-eight separate economic units, he insists that vast Federal pow-

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ers are essential. The real issue is their use and abuse, he says, and the solution is not a weakened central government, but assurance of proper use of power by clearer and more definitive law.

Very close to Willkie's heart were the rights of racial minorities and particularly of thirteen million Negro citizens. He deals with this issue in two chapters, one written before the conventions of the two major parties, and the second analyzing the platform proposals of both parties. For Willkie, there is no middle ground on this issue, and there can be no evasion. America's toleration of the discrimination against its Negro citizens, he insists, is not only a disgrace at home, but already has weakened our prestige and influence abroad and will weaken it still further unless speedy measures are taken to correct it.

"One of these basic rights is the right to vote," Willkie says in a paragraph summary of the race issue and his position. "Another is the right to live free of the haunting fear and the too-frequent actuality of mob violence. The first can be guaranteed, under the circumstances existing today, only by a Federal statute eliminating state poll taxes and other arbitrary prohibitions against the free exercise of the voting franchise; the other, only by a Federal statute making the crime of lynching tryable in Federal courts and punishable by Federal law."

Willkie's brief argument on the constitutionality of these two measures, always the basis of the filibusters against them, is incisive and convincing.

Willkie leaves lazy and legalistic minds no easy escape. He has an uncomfortable habit in his argument of driving right to fundamentals and basing his position on the sort of bedrock thinking in these two paragraphs on social security:

> For a long time our society left the education of children to the individual parents' ability to pay. Then it made a decision which changed civilization. It decided that all children should be educated, regardless of their parents' income.
>
> We are now faced with a decision as logical and as necessary about which we must begin to think. We have left the feeding, clothing, shelter, and medical care of our children to be determined by their parents' income alone. It hasn't worked and can never work, for a man whose skills may permit him to earn only the minimum wage may have five or six children to rear on that wage. No wage or income based upon the value of the economic contribution of the individual can ever be made to take into proper consideration the needs of his dependents.

The chapters on economic demobilization, labor, and taxes pack a great deal of concentrated thought in a few pages. They reveal the student side of Willkie which often has been obscured in the public's absorption with the crusading Willkie.

The crusader of the 1940 Presidential campaign, and One World, however, is with us again in the chapters on tariffs and foreign policy written before Chicago and his devastating criticism of the platform evasions on foreign policy titled "Cowardice at Chicago."

General reduction of tariffs, currency stabilization, immediate creation of a United Nations Council, and no boggling over use or delegation of sovereignty in this interdependent world are some of the issues Willkie demands be faced unequivocally.

"Finally," he concludes his pre-Chicago exposition, "the Republican platform should state the conviction that, Mr. Churchill to the contrary, the ideologies for which we fight have not become blurred for us in the course of the fighting but have become clearer every day; and that, Mr. Roosevelt to the contrary, in becoming wiser we have not become more cynical. We know that the sacrifice of our men and women in this war has not been made simply in order to defend ourselves against brute force. We are fighting a war for freedom; we are fighting a war for men's minds. This means that we must encourage men's just aspirations for freedom not only at home but everywhere in the world."

Quoting Disraeli's definition of a practical man as "a man who practised the errors of his forefathers," Willkie opens his criticism of the foreign policy planks adopted at Chicago with this biting paragraph:

> Meeting at a moment the import of which for our country's future is scarcely less than that in which our government was born or that which saw the great crisis of the Civil War, these men and women chose to borrow from the past neither the bold, imaginative spirit which moved our forefathers to launch the untried experiment of a republic, nor the kind of courageous meeting of issues and problems of the day which will make the name of Abraham Lincoln imperishable in our history. Instead, they borrowed from the past the timidities, the outworn doctrines and mistakes long since rejected by history.

—*Ding in the* New York Herald Tribune.

"Courageous public service without reward."

Willkie then proceeds to demonstrate clearly the fatal consequences to the effectiveness and power to act of any international organization established if the reservation of complete national sovereignty written into both platforms is followed strictly. He argues that the Republican platform insistence that international agreements as well as treaties be ratified by the Senate under the two-thirds rule would nullify any attempt to develop a strong and positive foreign policy for the United States, and he cites the unhappy fate which has befallen most major treaties in the Senate, particularly those having to do with international collaboration, under that two-thirds rule.

Reading the uncompromising, hard-hitting political argument of "An American Program," it is easy to understand why Wendell Willkie was at once the most hated and reviled, and the best loved political figure of recent times. His blunt honesty in exposing their shabby tricks and his unshakable devotion to principle made the run-of-the-mill politicians distrust and dislike him. You never knew where a fellow like that was going to land next. And his power in exhortation, his influence with people who felt his integrity and high purpose, made those who opposed his political principles hate and fear him. They must have been relieved when he withdrew from the Presidential race. Perhaps they rejoiced too soon.

"An American Program" is the last, ringing shot of a great American liberal. As I read it, two stanzas from Matthew Arnold's "The Last Word," which had been running through my mind since the first news of Willkie's death, kept recurring to me. I know of no more fitting epitaph for Wendell L. Willkie:

> They out-talked thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee.
> Better men fared thus before thee;
> Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
> Hotly charged—and broke at last.
>
> Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
> Let the victors, when they come,
> When the forts of folly fall,
> Find thy body by the wall.

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Bernard Shaw's Fabian Platonism

EVERYBODY'S POLITICAL WHAT'S WHAT? By Bernard Shaw. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 380 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY

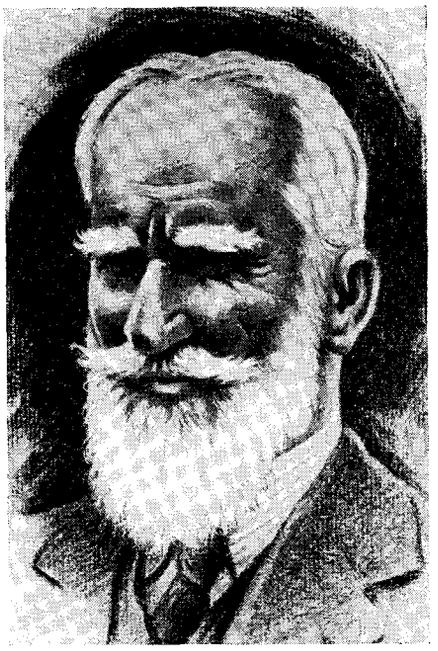
THIS book is an exposition of the whole philosophy of life which Shaw has advanced piece by piece in his plays, especially in the last cycle of plays which begins with "The Apple Cart" and ends with "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." This philosophy has a hundred ramifications but, as a summary kindly provided for reviewers insists, only five main branches: economics, politics, science, education, and religion. Shaw is, with Voltaire, the greatest of pamphleteers, and he argues in his new book, with a good deal of his old wit and all his old felicity and simplicity of phrase, that "in all five [branches] we are dangerously behind the times and will go to pieces like all former civilizations known to us unless we give our institutions a thorough overhaul pretty frequently." Slight misquotations, numerous repetitions, and uncontrolled digressions betray, perhaps, the slackening grip of the author. Yet at a time when professional communists are bidding godspeed to capitalism, professional educators returning to the Middle Ages, and professional economists bowing to an inevitable Power Age or Managerial Revolution or what not, it is heartening, and in part enlightening, to read a reaffirmation of Shavian radicalism.

There are no *new* affirmations in the book. The economics is the socialism of the Fabian essays, a socialism which leans heavily upon Jevons's theory of value and which stresses less the injustice than the waste and absurdity of capitalism. The science consists largely of scolding the "half-wit" Pavlov and others in the Darwinian tradition. The educational theory is a not very novel attack on the classical educators and a sound defense of disciplined but modern training. The religious argument is a plea for religion, provided that it be universal in appeal and capable of change by way of creative evolution. It is the political sections which will arouse most interest. They elucidate and elaborate the so-called reactionary tendencies of Shaw as they have been revealed in his last plays. The long and short of it is that Shaw believes in government of the people, for the people, but not by the people. In this he is probably at one with more political thinkers and practitioners than would care to admit it; and he fortifies his position by the acutest criticism I know of the two-party system. He even makes concrete suggestions, such as the disfranchisement of all who cannot pass examinations in political science, the creation of panels of experts in every branch of national life, the abolition of parliaments except as discussion clubs. In fact the Shavian system sounds very like the Soviet.

Now, even if one grants the title of Democracy to Shaw's system, and even if one agrees to his criticism of current parliaments, one cannot see that he has answered some very old practical questions which every critic of majority rule must face. We are to be ruled by groups of professionals, all certified in their special field. We may choose between one expert and another if we ourselves qualify as well-informed voters. What could be more desirable? Yet how is it all to be done? If the examination questions and their adjudication are to satisfy Shaw they will clearly have to be set, and the answers adjudicated, by experts who somehow are already in power and who were therefore not themselves certified. *How* do the wise men become kings? Like Plato, Shaw is silent on the point, and his silence makes a more serious hiatus in his political philosophy than even the old conundrum: *Quis custodiet custodes?* to which also the philosophers of aristocracy have no answer.

Anything that Shaw writes tends to make most current commentary look like the hopeful efforts of the twelfth grade. How is it, then, that he cuts so little ice? My generation, born during the First World War and after, has hardly been touched by Bernard Shaw, and the fact cannot be explained away by observing that most of his teaching had been done by 1914. The fullest dramatic statement of philosophic Shavianism—"Back to Methuselah"—was written after the war; the only full-length Shavian defence of socialism—"The Intelligent Woman's Guide"—came out in 1927; in his plays of the thirties Shaw followed the course of contemporary politics much more closely than in his pre-war plays; and now in 1944 he gives us a 380-page treatise. An amazing feat for a man of eighty-eight, a performance that would establish a permanent reputation for any new writer, the latest book, being characteristic Shaw rather than Shaw at his best, is the key to his lack of impact in our time.

Three main reasons for this lack of impact emerge: Shaw's fads, his growing estrangement from the contemporary world, and the nature of his dialectic. "Everybody's Political What's What?" would be a superb introduction to sociology, and a likely book to convert one of the younger generation to Shavianism, were it not constantly interrupted by comical diatribes on subjects by no means central in political science, such as vegetarianism, vivisection, and vaccination, performances which are not only impertinent but cranky and utterly unconvincing.



G. B. S. "still has a firm grasp of the reality of thirty years ago."

Assuming that fads may be permitted to a very old man, we cannot forgive any political adviser for being out of contact with contemporary reality. Some might plead that Shaw isn't. To be sure, his intelligence and toughmindedness show him to be in contact with reality, contemporary and otherwise, at a thousand points where our professional statesmen can only puff and blow. But this, I would retort, is largely because many things have not changed at all in thirty years, and Shaw still has a firm grasp of the reality of thirty years ago. When, however, he left public life and retired to Ayot St. Lawrence, only emerging to take holiday trips to distant countries or to see his own plays at Malvern, Bernard Shaw, in becoming adviser-in-chief to the universe, in some ways lost touch with this particular planet. I do not write out of political animosity, for I agree, for instance, with his interpretations of Nazism and Soviet Communism as far as they go. But they don't go very far. To undertake to tell everybody what's what in modern politics should be to explain the nature of fascism in more than a couple of sentences and to analyze the Soviet system beyond the stage of merely shouting for joy.

Shaw's picture of politics is little

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more than an anatomy of British society (which has of course been the chief butt of Shavian satire and the chief subject of Shavian drama). Outside this pale he is laconic. China is just "communist," for no clear reason. The Western hemisphere is just a place where the heresy of majority rule has been preached. Hitler's anti-Semitism is just a freakish caprice. For Shaw has never studied the twentieth century as he studied the nineteenth. It seems indeed, and it is understandable, that he has not studied much in recent years, since his quotations today are from the same authors he always quoted—Bunyan, Dickens, Ruskin, Marx, Butler, H. G. Wells—and usually he is only requoting at that. When Shaw lists the influential writers of several generations including one younger than his own, the list runs: "Carlyle and Ruskin, Wells and Shaw, Aldous Huxley and Joad. . . ." A strange selection to represent the younger generation! But Shaw shows no knowledge of any other thinker of the day unless it bé Lancelot Hogben.

In the past few years many critics have regarded Shaw as a renegade who has turned his back on the generous enthusiasms of his youth only to give way to a callous and even fascistic cynicism. The trouble seems to be exactly the opposite. Shaw is still in so many ways a Fabian living in the nineteenth century. His flippant remarks about dictators show not that he has hardened into a fascist but that he has never been at home with the new age. He can only fling out jokes and jibes about us. Small wonder that we have not been at home with him.

Above all, the Shavian dialectic has proved singularly unapt to win disciples. Shaw writes: "It is always necessary to overstate a case startlingly to make people sit up and listen to it, and to frighten them into acting on it. I myself do this habitually and deliberately." Now obviously Shaw never frightened anyone into action; his overstatements made people think he wasn't serious. And a much more radical limitation of Shaw's dialectic is that it is purely satiric, and we may doubt if the dialectic of satire could ever operate except negatively; and Shaw's negative influence—in helping to destroy Victorianism a generation ago—none could deny. It is perhaps no accident that "Back to Methuselah" is at once the weakest and the most positive of Shaw's plays. "Everybody's Political What's What?" is not one of the strongest, though it is one of the most positive, of Shaw's prefaces. So what will probably be Shaw's last work is a preface, with no play to follow it. In this fact some will find a symbol of Bernard Shaw as teacher.

The World of Ancient Rome

THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION. CAESAR AND CHRIST. By Will Durant. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 751 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

CONCERNING the Roman historian Tacitus, Dr. Durant writes: "He is fascinated by striking personalities and events rather than by forces, causes, ideas, and processes; he draws the most brilliant and unjust character portraits in history, but he has no conception of economic influences upon political events, no interest in the life and industry of the people, the stream of trade, the conditions of science, the status of woman, the vicissitudes of belief, the achievements of poetry, philosophy, or art."

Dr. Durant cannot be charged with any one of these distorting inadequacies. His story of Rome from the Etruscan prelude to the reign of Constantine, from the seven hills by the Tiber to the limits of the civilized world, deals with all activities of the entire Roman people. In this vast panorama of time and space Dr. Durant can truthfully say "humani nil a me alienum puto." He is as fascinated as Tacitus by striking personalities, but his character delineations are both brilliant and just. Julius Caesar, for example, is portrayed as one of the great men of history. There is no whitewashing of the *chronique scandaleuse* that may have been exaggerated by his political enemies, but we are warned that:

Will Durant

We must think of Caesar as at first an unscrupulous politician and a reckless rake, slowly transformed by growth and responsibility into one of history's most profound and conscientious statesmen. We must not forget, as we rejoice at his faults, that he was a great man notwithstanding. We cannot equate ourselves with Caesar by proving that he seduced women, bribed ward leaders, and wrote books.

Caesar's outstanding contribution to military science is not mentioned in this summary. In this we observe that the pendulum has swung to the opposite extreme from the excessive concentration on warfare in such historians as Polybius and Livy. And yet the history of a nation that lived by the sword and perished by the sword might appropriately devote more attention to military activities than Dr. Durant allots to it. Nevertheless, when he refers to the role of war in the rise and fall of Rome he writes accurately and well.

Dr. Durant has written neither the drum and trumpet type of history, nor the dynastic narrative, nor an economic interpretation. In his own words he states it to be his purpose to write "synthetic history which studies all the major phases of a people's life, work and culture in their simultaneous operation." The analytic histories of philosophy, literature, military operations, and all other separate phases of human activity are essential, but they are warped by being isolated. Nice discrimination and careful perspective are achieved in this all-embracing narrative of the successive kingdom, republic, principate, and empire that were Rome.

A series of magnificent character studies enlivens this history against the background of the seething mass of soldiers, peasants, citizens, slaves, and colonials of Rome. Geography and climate admittedly helped to shape the destiny of the Roman people. Economic conditions repeatedly modified political and popular movements and the social life of the state. Religion, agnosticism, atheism, and, later, Christianity affected the moral attitudes of the people, and the writings of its poets and the course of history itself. All these phases of Roman civilization are depicted with clarity and scholarly ability. But just as Scipio Africanus and Caesar; Lucretius, Catullus, and Virgil; Augustus and Agrippa, and the other great men of Rome, stood head and shoulders above their contemporaries, so in Dr. Durant's pages they emerge in unforgettable characterizations as the men who molded society and defined the stream of history, even

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if society and history helped to build them up to their great stature.

Dr. Durant gives only brief space to the Etruscan origin and legendary kingdom concerning which there are few primary sources. Less than a third of his book is devoted to the rise and fall of the Republic, but in those pages we have a clear picture of the development of the Roman constitution and code of laws, and of the life and customs of the patricians, plebeians, and slaves that comprised its population. Military service was a privilege of citizenship and the army of the Republic was one of the most efficient military organizations that history records. The citizens *were* the army and military affairs were a fundamental part of Roman education. "Rome remained great as long as she had enemies who forced her to unity, vision, and heroism. When she had overcome them all she flourished for a moment and then began to die."

The Roman orators and writers have gained an unusually competent biographer and critic in Dr. Durant. Catullus loves and hates again, Horace escapes his boring compatriot in the forum, and Virgil sings of arms and the man in the really delightful pages

devoted to this phase of Roman life. In fact the writers of these thousand years have rarely been as well epitomized and appreciated at their true value as in this book.

The pagan world of Rome tested many a reform that is thought to be new today. It tried a variety of forms of government. It experienced state socialism. At a time when it reached its peak, Christ was born and by His life and works set in motion a force that conquered Rome, but did not definitely cause her fall, according to Dr. Durant who writes: "The growth of Christianity was more an effect than a cause of Rome's decay."

Dr. Durant warns of possible errors of detail in his effort to gain perspective, but the lapses observed do not mar the splendor of the great canvas. A meticulous reader might feel aggrieved if he discovered that Dr. Durant in paraphrasing the "Aeneid" has the Trojans move overland from Cumae to Latium instead of making the journey by sea and thereby providing a name for Gaeta, a town recently in the war news. And the specialist in Caesar's campaigns will object to a sin of omission in the statement: "Pompey marched to Brundisium and ferried his troops across the Adriatic." The fact is that Pompey had transported only part of his army across the Adriatic when Caesar with his blitzkrieg speed surprised him at Brundisium and laid siege to the port and the remaining forces under Pompey. Caesar's skilful but unsuccessful attempt to block the mouth of the harbor and Pompey's escape from Brundisium are important episodes in the Civil War that certainly deserve attention.

Dr. Durant has undertaken the ambitious project of concentrating a thousand years of a great civilization in less than seven hundred pages. The present volume is Part III in the author's chronicle of humanity's experience and he states, "War and health permitting, Part IV, The Age of Faith, should be ready in 1950." In the particular field of this book he has had many predecessors, but few have evidenced closer acquaintance with the sources from which all must draw. His book merits a place of honor in a world that has enjoyed Gibbon, Mommsen, and Ferrero. He has reinterpreted and synthesized an entire culture with conscientious objectivity. He avoids writing in a polemic vein to prove a specific and predetermined point of view. Without the pessimism of Brooks Adams and Spengler he points out or implies analogies in Roman history to modern conditions, but he refrains from laboring the point. His style is witty and fast moving, and there are innumerable temptations to fill the columns of a review with his pithy aphorisms and observations. By the devices of chronogical tables, bibliography, references to sources, and index he has added utility to the esthetic value of his writing.

Dr. Durant might well repeat the lines of Virgil in looking back on the long years of study that went into this book:

Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labor for so vast a frame.

His time and toil have been expended to good purpose. Scholarly research has rarely been translated into such a lively and stimulating, yet accurate history.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CAN YOU FILL IN THE BLANKS?

In this week's quiz, 12 familiar stories are condensed to one sentence each, with each sentence containing several blanks for you to fill in. Allowing 2 points for each blank correctly filled, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 26.

1. After the schooner ..... was wrecked upon the reef of ..... the skipper's ..... was found on the beach lashed to a ..... .

2. In a duel reported by a ..... clock and a ..... plate, the ..... dog and the ..... cat ate each other up.

3. Mighty ....., star of the ..... nine, made baseball history by ..... in the ..... inning.

4. After the mayor of ..... refused to pay him ..... guilders for drowning the ..... which infested the town, ... led the town's ..... to destruction.

5. While the members of .....'s crew were bowling in the .... Mountains, ... drank some of their gin and went to sleep for ..... .

6. A picture of the lovely ..... was drawn upon ..... with a bit of ..... by a drunken vagabond.

7. After he had shot it with his ....., the carcass of the ..... was hung around the neck of ..... by other members of the crew.

8. After seeing the light from ..... shining in the belfry of the ..... Church, ... rode throughout ..... County to warn that the ..... were coming by ..... .

9. To prevent the sounding of the signal for ..... which would also be the signal for the execution of ....., her lover, ... hung onto the ..... .

10. Awakening one night, ... saw in his room ..... writing in a book of ..... the names of those who ..... .

11. With two comrades to aid him, ... held off the followers of ..... until the City Fathers could destroy the ..... and save the city of ..... .

12. Because a loan of 3,000 ..... was not repaid in ..... months, ... demanded a pound of ..... from his debtor, ...

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The Greatest Teacher I Ever Knew

The Gospel of George Edward Woodberry

JOSEPH M. PROSKAUER

FOR an elderly ex-judge and practising lawyer, rating no literary rank, to voice a difference from a literary craftsman like Bernard DeVoto is no doubt to flaunt the adage about the folly of those who rush in where angels fear to tread. But in the anniversary number of *The Saturday Review* he gave a judgment which brought such anguish to my soul, that I find myself unable to be silent.

America, he wrote, had "accepted the gospel of George Edward Woodberry, to whom American literature was at best only a pleasant brook flowing toward the majestic stream of English literature and acquiring merit only as it drew near." I would have written Woodberry's gospel was that he regarded American literature as an ever widening and deepening stream flowing from the majestic sources of English literature and acquiring ever mightier power in the development of the art in America.

I sat under Woodberry at Columbia. He was the greatest teacher I ever knew. I am profoundly convinced that he was one of the greatest teachers that America or any other country ever produced. To men who, like myself, lacked the divine spark he gave a kind of sixth sense by which we could feel the glory and the beauty of literature. He trained man after man who later became scientist, lawyer, industrialist, or what you please, and yet was furnished the faculty to enjoy great works of the imagination and the ennoblement that comes from that enjoyment.

Mr. DeVoto bemoans our lack of the professor who sits about the social board with his students and of the cultural technique of the symposium. Yet scores of gray-haired men today treasure among their most priceless memories the hours spent in just this fashion with Woodberry and his dearest friend, Professor A. V. Williams Jackson, in the old Everett House. There the talk was of Shakespeare and of Shelley and the famed names and works of literature, and how each of us in his own way could draw inspiration from them, and, if we were fortunate and qualified, pass on that inspiration to future generations.

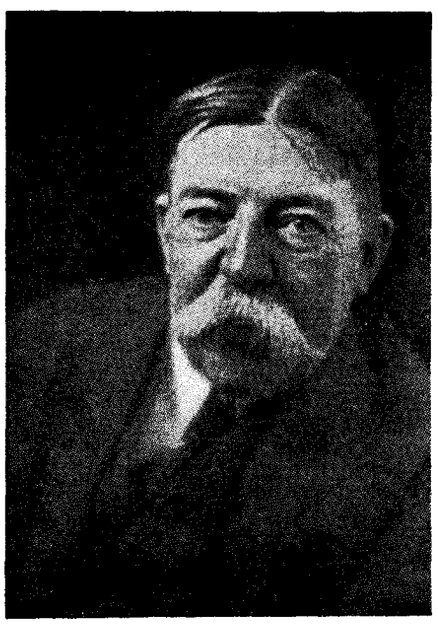
The condescension of Mr. DeVoto's utterance was thus to me like salt in a wound, particularly when I contrasted it with his glorification of Harry Thurston Peck and Brander Matthews, who also touched my undergraduate career, and who were to Woodberry as pink lemonade is to a 1928 Pommard.

I have before me a little book of tributes put together for a dinner given by his students and former students to mark the tenth anniversary of his coming to Columbia. A letter of Dr. Charles Waldstein, professor of fine arts at Cambridge University, quotes a letter from one of Woodberry's students, Milton Roth, who had just died. Roth's letter went in part:

> We went back to his apartment after dinner, where we had intended to discuss my thesis * * * I sum up the whole of our conversation in one phrase, "ideal living" * * * I would call it a dissertation on culture not of mind and intellect alone, which he claims is only half, but of the heart * * * I was in the truest sense of the word in an atmosphere of exquisite culture Monday night. This which I have written can only give but the faintest outline or idea of what such an evening meant to me.

His greatest student, Joel Elias Spingarn, wrote of him: "Through a period of five years the inspiration derived from his instruction and encouragement has been so great as to preclude the possibility of its expression in a preface."

Then follows the dedication of a little book of Columbia verse "To George Edward Woodberry in recognition of what he has been to Columbia Verse and Columbia men." From a distinguished man of letters of his time, William Aspenwall Bradley, the booklet quoted: "For now at Columbia it is one of the things of which we may well be proudest in the splendid development of the last ten years, that we have assimilated and made characteristic of our academic point of view the idealism for which Professor Woodberry stands in American letters."



George Edward Woodberry

Then follows a lovely sonnet "To G.E.W.—With a Thesis," by J. Russell Taylor, with the key line "These words are written for the master's eyes."

These are typical of many. I add only this portion of a letter from his old teacher, Charles Eliot Norton:

> May he live long and be happy in the confidence that the men whose character he had helped to shape will, because taught by him, render better service not only to the University, but also to the land which he loved so well and which stands in ever-increasing need of men inspired with such spirit as his.

This gives the very essence of Woodberry's impassioned objective—to create readers who could both understand and feel, as well as writers who, striking their roots down into the greatness of the past, might become fitting voices of the idealism of mankind as exemplified in the life of America.

It is true that Woodberry was steeped in classical tradition. He fed us the pabulum of Aristotle and Wordsworth and Shelley. I venture to believe that it was an exceedingly good pabulum. The eating of a great deal of it by our current writers would do much to stiffen their spinal columns.

But it was also of the essence of his purpose to develop an American literature which should have its own savor, even though it were necessarily sprung from this classical heritage. Every lover of America should read his essay on "Democracy." From no pen has ever come a more eloquent decription of the flowering of democracy on American soil or a more impelling urge to remain true to its faith. It is not without significance that this essay is included in the volume with his "New Defense of Poetry," in which he formulated in terms of our time and our land the age-old creed of Aristotle, from which the first works of the genius of all times have drawn their being.

In his poetry there is a similar reflection of this love for his native land. "The North Shore Watch" gives

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the tang of New England nature and life more passionately than I have ever seen it put anywhere else. His sonnet "Gibraltar" with its famous line of America giving "Peace to the world from ports without a gun" remains an outstanding creation of its form in our literature; and the occasional poem for an Essex County regiment going out to the Spanish-American War sings a lovely and valiant chant for young men ready to die for their country.

On the scholarly and literary side he trained a worthy list of successors —Spingarn, Greenslet, Taylor, Chandler, Underhill, John Erskine, Sydnor Harrison, and many another in the galaxy of American scholarship and creative literature. If American men of letters today followed more closely his teachings, they would deal less with the occasional and the transitory; would be concerned less with the writings of social tracts and more with the delineation of the human soul; and would create more powerful links in that unending chain that through the centuries binds the names of great creative artists together.

If the reader senses in this "purely personal" outpouring a note of passionate adoration for an exalted teacher, he may be sure that I have tried to put it there and that it is shared with me by many other men.

Ideals for the Making of Tomorrow

THE FAITH AND FIRE WITHIN US. By Elizabeth Jackson. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. 1944. 174 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BONARO W. OVERSTREET

THE verbal ingredient in human idealism is a hard one to isolate and measure. It exists. No one of us, I think, can doubt that—certainly no one of us who has ever steadied his own purposes by remembering a great phrase; by letting a few mighty words so put him into the company of greatness that he would feel abashed to be little in thought or action. We are not only language-makers; we are language-made. An emotion-arousing report of an event, an insight, or a state of mind becomes in itself a casual factor that thereafter has to be reckoned with in human affairs. Or, as Elizabeth Jackson expresses it in this book, "When poetry adds excitement to philosophy it becomes one of the most potent forces yet discovered."

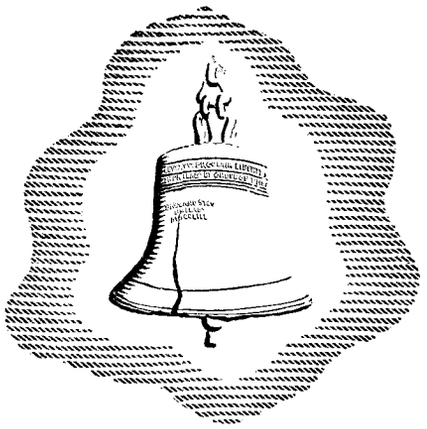
This book is about the poetry and the prose that have, through several centuries, added excitement to the philosophy of political freedom. It is specifically about the great words that have added excitement to the Anglo-American effort to work out a society that can do justice to all while doing justice to each. There is, as Miss Jackson points out, a sharp and disturbing contrast between the ringing phrases of our tradition of idealism and the headlines in the daily paper: " . . . we are much, much nobler in the anthologies than in the newspapers." But this does not prove that either the anthologies or the newspapers are false. The one records our best intentions, which we fulfil with varying degrees of failure and success. The other records, for the most part, our fallings away from these intentions. Neither alone tells the whole truth about us. But a too constant diet of newspaper reading, unbalanced by contact with the words of the great tradition, can make our adventure of freedom seem hardly worth bothering about. Therefore, the importance of a book like this. . . .

I am glad that Miss Jackson has made it clear that political freedom depends upon individual and institutional characteristics that are not always labeled as political. Wisdom about such political devices as taxation and voting belong in the tradition. But so does wisdom about work, about education, about individual and group courage, about social reform, about anger against injustice, and about peace. And great things about all of these subjects have been said and are being said. Brought together in orderly fashion they give us a comfortable sense of having something strong and dependable at our backs as we study how best to continue the good fight in this question-mark age we live in.

Marie Rasey, in a poem called "Yet Speaking"—which deserves more attention than it has received—has said:

What once has sought is forever seeking.
What once has spoken is
Yet speaking.

This book is about those who, having once spoken for human liberty, are yet speaking.



Poland's Battle

POLAND FIGHTS BACK. By Xavier Pruszynski. New York: Roy Publishers. 1944. 191 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ANTONI GRONOWICZ

BEFORE the war, the author of this book gave evidence of considerable journalistic courage and ability in his presentation of Polish internal problems, never retracting before the sharp criticism of the leaders of the pre-September regime. He later saw how these same leaders, during the early days of the war, made hurried exit across the border of Rumania, leaving the nation a prey to the invasion. Yet in his book, he doesn't write a single critical sentence against these leaders and their policies, internal or external, which led to Poland's catastrophe. Moreover, according to the author, the entire fault for the tragedy of 1939 is attributable only to Russia and Germany.

This may be a very convenient solution for the author; however, it does not convince the reader and, what's more, is unfair to the Polish people deceived as they were by their chiefs. Mr. Pruszynski even makes no mention of the fact that in Poland at the actual moment hundreds of thousands of citizens are fighting the Nazis in the Underground Movement.

He speaks only of those who succeeded in escaping from the country after the downfall in the autumn of 1939, and who are now fighting arm in arm with the Allied Forces. Not a word does he mention about the Polish Army of half-a-million men which is now active on the Eastern front alongside the Red Army. And surely, it is this force which will eventually break through into Warsaw, and not the army which General Anders led away from Russia and then across Africa into Italy. However, the author thinks otherwise. In his opinion, "the most important fact is that, thanks to those Poles from Russia, we again have a land army which truly deserves the name." And a few lines farther, he states that it is nearer to Poland for the Polish Army in Italy than for the one which together with the Russian forces is now drawing closer to Warsaw. It is difficult to see the logic in this assertion for the only explanation is that it is propaganda which considers the Poles struggling on the Eastern front not as soldiers but as slaves of Stalin.

It is unfortunate that this excellent journalist should have fallen prey to this propaganda, and instead of presenting an objective picture of fighting Poland, should show one side only. However, this he has done well.

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Strictly Personal...

IN DEFENSE OF THE QUESTIONNAIRE

THERE is a dangerous movement in Congress to deprive an already harassed and humiliated citizenry of one of its most cherished privileges—that of filling out questionnaires. This is another wartime attack on our liberties, and the thoughtful person must be alarmed as he notes the possibility that his children may never know the pleasure of gathering the family around them to spend each evening filling out questionnaires that had arrived during the day. Taking what seems to me a coarse view of our national pastime—democratic, classless, and thought-provoking—Representative Elliott of California recently said: ". . . Many people are on the payroll, going around and taking up the time of people who have something else to do besides giving answer to these silly questions. . . . I wonder how long Congress is going to sit around here without putting a stop to this foolishness. . . ."

If this Congressman's attitude is typical of Congress than ours is a melancholy case, for it indicates that our legislators are alien to the soul of the nation and ignorant of its history. For their benefit, let us note the place of the questionnaire in our national life.

(1) We are fatally addicted to a love of problems. "Yessuh, it's a problem," says the American happily shaking his head. The more problems we unearth the happier we become. Before the advent of the questionnaire we were content with rather crude problems. For years the Sunday supplements demonstrated by statistics and horrendous drawings that our coal supply would soon be exhausted and we should all freeze to death. Now we contemplate, with equal pleasure, the exhaustion of our oil resources and in our mind's eye we see the life of our country running down as its oil runs out. Where there is no problem the people perish but so long as there are questionnaires there will always be problems since our ingenuity digs up new ones; problems, moreover, of a complexity we never imagined in the days before this admirable device was invented.

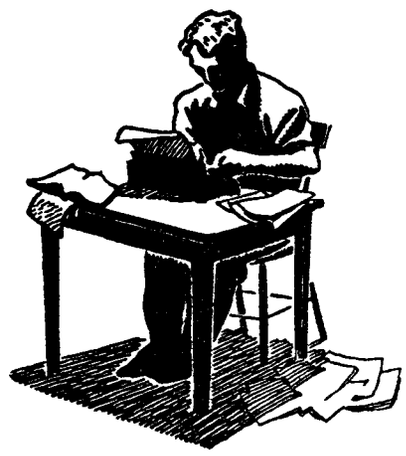
A forward-looking people, we are now probing into the bed habits of the nation with respect to post-war housing, and when the time comes we shall be prepared, thanks to the questionnaire and the John B. Pierce Foundation. These are some of its findings:

After getting into bed, 22% of husbands read, 12% talk to their wives, 7% listen to the radio, 3% pray, 2% smoke, 2% get up to close the window, 50% say they do nothing. Of the wives, 29% read, 11% talk, 8% listen to the radio, 5% pray, 3% think, 2% smoke, 1% eat, 1% go to the bathroom, 40% do nothing. The average husband is ready for lights out after 19 minutes; the wife, after 14 minutes.

These figures are a triumph of social anthropology and they could have been gathered only through the questionnaire since the Communists, who were under every bed in the 1920's, will not talk. No other nation knows as much as we about the bed habits of its people, and the Pierce Survey, moreover, as a good survey should, gives rise to as many questions as it answers.

If 2% of husbands eat in bed while only 1% of women eat, who fetches the food? Who removes the dishes? What is the favorite bedside dish of (a) men; (b) women? If 12% of husbands talk to their wives in bed but only 11% of the wives talk back, how are we to solve the problem of the recalcitrant minority? If the average wife is ready for lights out five minutes before her husband, who prevails? If no husbands think in bed but 3% of their wives think, what do they think about? These are questions that press for answer and they can be answered only through the questionnaire.

2. The questionnaire satisfies our almost insatiable hunger for statistics. No other people collect—and disregard—as many statistics as we do. There is scarcely any subject which we do not submit to statistical analysis, and statistics-making has become a national preoccupation. Consequently large numbers of persons are gainfully employed in gathering statistics; others in abstracting them; and still others in making wastebaskets in which



to drop them. Then comes the wastepaper man on his appointed rounds; old paper is made into new; fresh statistics are published on it, and the cycle, completed, is forever renewed.

3. The questionnaire serves our love of facts. Facts are to us what fish are to circus sea-lions: pitch us a few every day and we will happily do our tricks. Our love of facts is a pure one, unalloyed by such crass considerations as their usefulness or their relationship to knowledge, and damn'd be him who uses them to relate cause and effect. Consequently, the man who can rattle off the figures of the mean average rainfall in Little Rock, Arkansas, for the years 1891-95, tell you how many honey bees there are to the pound, and name the greatest steamboat disaster that ever occurred on the Wabash River, achieves a certain prestige in the community and overawes us by his erudition.

Scholars, too, are as much impressed by facts beating their wings in an ineffectual void as are laymen—a fact which was extensively commented upon by Abraham Flexner in his "American, English, French Universities." Discussing theses submitted for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in our institutions of learning, he cited the scholar in a Middle West university who wrote a thesis of two hundred pages proving that we put sugar into ice cream to sweeten it. This proof thereupon became a fact which the nation could joyfully use.

It is also a fact that our love of facts has made possible the enormous success of radio programs given to the care, breeding, and dissemination of facts. Each week millions of us metaphorically raise our hands in order to attract the attention of the teacher when the Experts cannot name the President, known as The Father of His Country, who ate with his knife. Yet these programs are using up the available facts at an alarming rate; we may soon run out of them; and private enterprise will be unable to dig up new ones because of the risks and the large capital investment required. What then are we to do? Shall we fold our hands and lead sterile lives bare of facts? No; that is not the American Way. The Federal Government must step in and unearth new facts through a wider use of the questionnaire not only because facts are essential to our mental health but also because we must not abdicate our proud place as The Land of the $64 Question.

4. We are endlessly curious about ourselves and our neighbors but, as our boundaries have widened, we are no longer content with the tidbits that we can pick up on the party line. The

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questionnaire is admirably adapted to serve our curiosity since it enters the best homes and emerges with information that people would never give us in a face-to-face interview. There is, for example, the delicate matter whether our ladies marry for love or for a mealticket. One would say offhand (and with indignation) that of course they marry for love alone, unlike crass Europeans who marry for many other reasons and are quite shameless in admitting it. But what are the facts? Sometime ago, while an anxious country waited, the Institute of Marital Relations sent questionnaires to eighteen thousand recently married women in an effort to get the decimal-point truth. Their replies, suspiring with sentiment and redolent of the perfumes of Cytherea, were dumped into machines which sorted and tabulated them. Then the facts emerged plain before us. Only fifty-six per cent of the ladies said they married for love. The others, one presumes in the absence of information which must wait upon another questionnaire, entered into wedlock for a mealticket, in order to avoid becoming old maids, or because they saw no future at the dime store.

We hunger for the questionnaire as the hart panteth for the brook and the truth of this is evident when one encounters a member of that unhappy group who have never filled out one or who have not been asked their opinion in a poll. There is something incomplete about them; their eyes are dim, their minds are dull, their thoughts are uncoördinated. We must rescue this submerged third of the population from their despondency before they develop a melancholia which will unfit them to become happy, useful citizens. Fortunately the League for the Dissemination of Questionnaires is at work on this problem asking citizens what questionnaires they like best, and how many they want a week.

The primary uses of the questionnaire are, of course, factual or cultural but it is also important in its economic aspects. Think of the employment it gives to the scientists who think up the questions, the papermakers, the printers, the manufacturers of tabulating machines, and others. The questionnaire industry, if properly developed, could become a cushion against depression and might even solve the problem of unemployment as half of the people were busy asking questions and the other half answering them.

These virtues of the questionnaire, as great as they are, are trivial by comparison with its one virtue that overshadows all others. It is a narcotic, an anodyne, a temple of refuge, and therefore of the highest value in these times of trial. For, as one spends one's days filling out questionnaires, one enters into that state of grace described by a Mississippian in simple words: "Been ponderin' so hard I ain't had time to think."

DAVID L. COHN.

New Accents on Cyrano

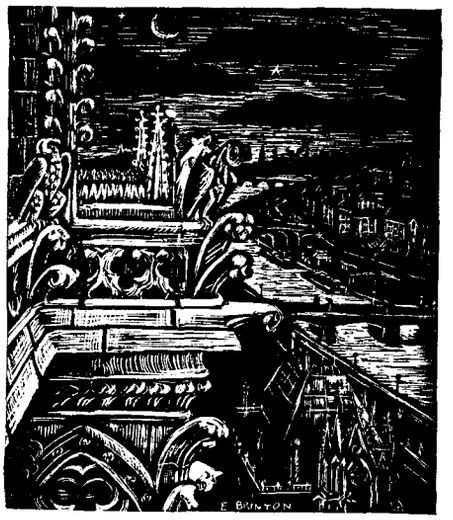
THE LOVE LETTERS. By Chris Massie. New York: Random House. 1944. 289 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

HERE is the situation of Cyrano all over again, writing love letters for his clumsy friend Christian to pretty Roxane, and keeping his secret after Christian's heroic death. Of course, things have changed since Rostand's play enchanted two continents, although they have apparently changed less than we assumed. True, Christian (Arthur Morgan this time) is no longer the handsome cavalier who gloriously dies with streaming pennants, he is just another little cockney who on the return from his honeymoon perishes in a train accident in France on a rainy autumn day in 1917. But his friend Maurice Quinton, though by no means disfigured like Cyrano, surpasses the romanticism of Rostand's hero: he falls in love with Roxane (Phoebe) on the strength of her letters in answer to his own written over the signature of poor Arthur.

These faintly embarrassing connotations aside, however, Mr. Massie has in the present book created a thoroughly convincing picture of a peculiar type of English World War I veteran, and this, in my opinion, is the chief merit of a novel of many virtues and diversified drawbacks. His Maurice Quinton loses two fingers, and after the armistice settles in a small country house left to him by an old relative. He does not have to work for his living, and shows no intention of resuming any civilian activities. His pre-war friends mean less and less to him. This is what he (who is the story's narrator) has to say of himself: "What I had been asking for since I left France with my youth shot to pieces by four years of war was a new answer, a restatement of existence which was fresh and inviting enough to rekindle and animate some sort of purpose in me, and start me on some quest which would cleanse me of doubt and cynicism."

The reader is made to feel that Maurice's "quest" is not free from the



impact of his attachment to Phoebe, the woman he has never seen. And in fact, he is led into her arms—and thus faces both happiness and tragedy. Phoebe Morgan is Miss Singleton now, and for very sound reasons too. According to what we do not learn until we reach the very last pages—and I wish the author had cut them out altogether in defiance of all movie chances—Arthur's beautiful widow has committed a ghastly murder: she has killed her old benefactor in a fit of rage brought about by that woman's tampering with her most cherished possession, "her husband's" letters. As good as acquitted in court, she has fallen into a complete amnesia.

Now amnesia is no longer news in fiction; I even suspect that there is less of it in reality than in recent novels. But again Mr. Massie succeeds in giving new accents and a new meaning to a rather shop-worn situation. Strangely enough, the element of guilt toward the apparent victim of his own writing perfection enters little into Maurice's absorbing feelings. But of whatever his love may be made, as a simple love story his account is rewarding and often beautiful. Maurice Quinton may really be "cleansed from cynicism" in the end.

I question whether he is "cleansed from doubt." For in the end his own quest has led nowhere, unless he listens to what a friend tells him after his wife's accidental death: "It is a dream, Maurice, and one cannot live forever in beauty. . . . Life is travail and disappointment and tears, and the overcoming of all these in the nobility of our minds."

There are two pages in this book which need not blush in the small company of first-rate battlepieces in modern literature; the few paragraphs of a flashback in the narrative that conveys to the civilian reader much of the misery and the grandeur of man's fight both against man and against himself.

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MOTHER LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH

IF the United States of America should be content with a stalemate in Europe or in the Pacific, it will lose the war. That loss may not be caused by short-sighted statesmanship or subversive activities or secret enemy weapons or a failure in the high command or the election of Republicans or Democrats or bad strategy or a dozen other formal causes. It may be due to something much simpler and more human—a trait that we praise in ordinary times, a trait that is as much a part of American folkways, American emotion, the American way of life as gin rummy or juke boxes or the corner garage. It is a mode of behavior characteristic of a large—a very large—section of our population, a section as yet only dimly aware of its prodigious political power. It may discover that power in a critical period of American history. That section is not labor or the farmers or the Negroes or the isolationists or any other familiar pressure group.

American mothers, if they are not self-controlled, farsighted, and intelligent, are in a fine position to lose the war.

Their boys are away from home. They are away from home by the millions. They are away from home in quantities never before equalled in our whole national life. Some of them have been away from home a very long time, and all of them seem to have been away an eternity. Some of them will never come back. Some of them have come back unrecognizably changed—physically, psychologically, emotionally. And as the casualty lists grow, as the hospitals fill, as we begin to experience war, if not through the bombing of our cities, at least through death and injury to the beloved, there will be an increasing emotional solidarity among mothers. We have shown the enemy they can't lick us. Why go on with the slaughter? Why not get the boys home? Any kind of peace that will recognize our invincibility will do. Unconditional surrender is a man's idea, anyhow.

In other countries an emotional situtation parallel to this will be known as war weariness. We may call it that in this country, but, whatever we call it, it is what our enemies are now desperately playing for. And the group that makes the biggest sacrifices is, naturally enough, the group likely to tire first. That group is the mothers of American boys.

Mother occupies a special place in the United States. This republic is emphatically the land which honors mother. Not only did we invent Mother's Day (or, if we did not, we made it peculiarly our own), but we took a day that began as a commercial venture and passed into an annual orgy of sentiment, and turned it into something like a religious holy-day.

Nobody is funny at mother's expense. There are all kinds of jokes about mothers-in-law and wives, and there are even a good many jokes at father's expense. But there are few or none about mother. We may take her tragically, as in "The Silver Cord," but are not prepared to burlesque her.

This longing for mother shows up in the present war. The boys want to come back to Mom's home cooking. Those canny fellows, the advertising men, draw pictures of a silver-haired old mother welcoming Johnny home. The kid in upper ten was obviously a homesick lad who wanted to put his head in mother's lap. It is mother who bakes the blueberry pie we are fighting for.

Our national psychology differs importantly in this respect from that of Europe. In Europe, if the son of the house returns after a long absence, he is likely to present himself before father, the official head of the family. In the Bible it was the father, not mom, that welcomed home the Prodigal Son. But in this country Johnny goes home first to mother, and hunts up father at the office, afterwards. We are a matriarchate. It is one of our sources of strength. But it can also be a source of great national defeat.

What mother wants she gets. If she decides to move into public life and vote her opinions, the statesmen will know it. Organized motherhood is a force to be reckoned with, as the Wets discovered to their dismay, and can be an ominous force, as the nation uneasily discovered when certain subversive groups dressed up like mother and went to Washington.

Mother was not politically powerful in World War I. The woman's suffrage amendment was not adopted until August, 1929. But when women went to the polls in their first national election, they seem to have voted for Harding, normalcy, and keeping the boys home—at least, the historians say that the huge Republican plurality of over seven millions was due in important degree to the new women voters. There is nothing in the political picture to prevent the mothers of Americans from becoming a vast pressure group if they want to.

How long can mother take it? For the first time in American history mother has the vote in wartime; and if a vast tidalwave of mother love and mother longing should sweep the country, mother might march to the polls with disastrous results. A body homesick for the boys isn't going to pause to distinguish between a statesman and a demagogue. Unfortunately, the demagogues know this.

The only check upon this situation is the good sense and courage of American women, together with a sharing of tragic experience. A mother who has lost her boy at Pearl Harbor is not likely to want to leave the dirty business we have nationally in hand in an unfinished state. A mother whose boy is in a Japanese prison camp doesn't think the Japs are just nice people, slightly misguided. A mother whose boy was disembowelled on D-day in front of a pillbox doesn't want her grandson blotted out twenty-five years from now.

Mother has got to hang on and take it. Hang on and take it, not merely through the hostilities, but beyond. We can't lick the Germans and the Japs and just go home. We shall have to maintain garrisons all over the world. And the enemy won't love us. The enemy is not so stupid it hasn't learned from the Underground how to annoy an army of occupation. We can't quit, until some kind of permanent order comes out of this hell. But this can only mean that thousands of American mothers are going to have to lend their offspring to the Government for a long, long time.

Can mother think her way through this problem? Can she be as heroic as Chinese mothers? As Jewish mothers? As the Polish mothers at Lidice? Or will she, after what seems to her a reasonable amount of time, get all worked up emotionally, and vote for any Congressional candidate that announces he's for normalcy, getting out of Europe, soldier bonus bills, and minding our own business? It isn't going to be easy for mother to decide.

On her decision may hang the hope of the world. And God help her daughter and her granddaughter and *their* sons if she votes only with her emotions and her tears.

Howard Mumford Jones,
Department of English, Harvard University.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The World of Washington Irving"

SIR: In his kind and interesting review of my book, "The World of Washington Irving," Professor Spiller remarks that my "method leads inevitably to mistakes," etc. He mentions two examples of my supposed carelessness, one, that the poem "Isadore" was written by Chivers, not Albert Pike, and two, that Cooper "may have been read, but there is no evidence that he was published simultaneously in thirty-four cities of Europe." Now it happens that Albert Pike most certainly wrote the poem "Isadore" that I had in mind, as Mr. Spiller will find if he looks it up, and I took the statement about Cooper straight from the Life of Lounsbury, who undoubtedly knew what he was talking about. Mr. Spiller will have to produce better evidence than this if he wishes to impugn my "method" as leading to mistakes, and I cannot see why he should assume that I make statements irresponsibly.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

Westport, Conn.

The "Seeing I"

SIR: One little letter omitted, and what a world of difference! In my article, "Under an English Heaven," in your Fall Book Number, appeared the following line: "They (the British) faced facts as naturally as we embraced deals."

This should read: "They faced facts as naturally as we embraced *ideals*." That's not quite the same thing, is it? I missed it, too, on the galleys.

Yours for the "seeing i,"

JOHN MASON BROWN.

New York, N. Y.

SRL in the South Pacific

SIR: Would you believe that your hardy little magazine travels about nine thousand miles, skips a continent and an ocean, and ends up safely in this Red Cross subscriber's hands? Richard the Second would not have rhapsodized over this tiny Island, "this Saipan." Stevenson and Melville surely had other Pacific isles in mind when they extolled their virtues. Saipan was rough, and barren, and elementary and knew nothing of the refinements back home. But now the *SRL* is adding tone and distinction to this rock in the Pacific. I spread the wealth around, too. And GI Joe now takes time out from his chores (the big chore of securing the Island is completed) to work a Double-Crostic. But sometimes I make the recipient pay through the nose, using the *SRL* as a medium of exchange.

And so I come to Mr. Norman Mattis, Red Cross Field Director with the ——— Marines. The United States Marine Corps is proverbially the roughest and toughest unit of the Military. Their language, too, is consistently pungent, vigorous, and—let us face it—even naughty. On the other hand Norman speaks with a broad Harvard accent and sounds as though he came from Cambridge, which is very proper of him since he *did* teach English at Harvard University and since Cambridge *is* his home town. (How does the impact of the Marines on Mattis affect his speech? I think the question is a good one, even in reverse. I have heard a stout top-sergeant in his outfit, when asked by a buddy if he had enjoyed the movie, answer ardently, "Räther!" and on the other hand I heard Professor Mattis just the other day observe, "Cähnt you see that the thing is all screwed-up!" So honors are even.)

But to get back to how valuable an asset the *SRL* proved, even beyond its fine literary value. I was in the market for a Marine poncho (the ones with the colorful patterns that act as camouflage). Mattis, being attached to the Marines, could obtain such a poncho. I offered to swap him two *SRLs* for the rain protector. He hesitated. (Unloyal? Perhaps—but ponchos are highly prized articles in this monsoon country.) I boosted the offer to three. He agreed. I let him have one as a downpayment (if there had been no poncho involved I would have given him all three freely and gladly—you know this!) and the deal was consummated. Next week Mattis visited the office with the gaily colored cape and picked up the remaining two magazines. So I repeat, your publication has merit far beyond even your wildest surmise! (Incidentally—and this is either a reflection on Harvard's English Dept. or a very nice tribute to me—Mattis and I took the June 24 Literary I.Q. quiz resulting in a score of 50 for him and 60 for me. If he knew this was being revealed, he'd call back his poncho. I ask then that you conceal my exposé—at least until the rainy season is past.)

Fond literary regards,

ALBERT HERCHICK,
Assist. Field Director,
Am. Red Cross.

APO 244 c/o PM,

"Straight ahead two miles, then turn left . . . and, by the way, may *I* ask *you* a question?"

"Mr. Simple on Racial Equality"

SIR: Let us have more Louis J. Halle, Jr. He can say in understandable two syllable words what I think is the simple objective truth that most intelligent men believe but few can word. His recent: "Mr. Simple on Racial Equality" clears the mists of cant and propaganda from the fields of anthropology.

JOHN MONAGHAN.

Staten Island 11, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

THIS WEEK'S Trade Winds has very little to do with the book business. [Editor's aside: how does that differ from some of your other recent contributions?] It is a collection of stray stories and anecdotes that have come my way recently. You may consider a few of them worth retelling.

The first story comes from John Peter Toohey, the well-known publicity counsel.

A druggist and his friend were whiling away the hours on a rainy night in the prescription room of the former's store. It was after closing time, and since it was chilly outside, the cronies took a couple of snifters and began to get rather mellow. Just then the night bell rang and a little girl came in asking for fifteen cents' worth of spirits of nitre for her sick baby brother. The druggist gave her the medicine and she disappeared into the rainy night.

Several minutes later, as they were laughing and joking, the druggist suddenly stopped short, noted the stain on his fingertips, and cried out: "My God—I gave that child nitric acid instead of spirits of nitre!" His friend suggested hurrying out and looking for the girl, but the druggist had never seen her before and said he'd never recognize her. He was dazed, frantic, a pitiful sight, ready to collapse. He visualized the suffering of the ill child, its struggles, and its death. The liquor was dulling his senses, and he sat there, unable to move.

Then, the night bell rang again, and the two men braced themselves for the worst. They opened the door. It was the little girl. Rain-soaked, her eyes red from crying, she stood there and wept. "Oh, mister," she said, "something awful has happened." The druggist gripped the counter. "I fell in a puddle of water on my way home and broke the bottle. Mother will punish me. I haven't fifteen cents. Won't you please give me some more nitre?" . . . The child screamed at the suddenness at which the druggist engulfed her in his arms. . . .

A MAN WHO DISCOVERED the joys of fishing rather late in life became even more insistent than ordinary anglers upon recounting his triumphs to skeptical acquaintances. Enraged by their thinly veiled hints that he was a liar, he bought a pair of scales, installed them in his library, and made his friends watch while he actually weighed the fish he had caught. One evening a neighbor burst in and excitedly sought permission to borrow the scales. He was back in ten minutes, his face flushed with delight. "Congratulate me," he cried. "I'm the father of a 48-pound baby boy!" . . .

That story reminded me of the speckled beauty that is mounted and hung above Joe Cook's fireplace in Lake Hopatcong. The plaque bears the neatly engraved legend, "Bought at the Washington Fish Market, July 19, 1938." . . .

A PLAYWRIGHT GOT HIS FIRST six-month contract with a big film studio and took his wife and nine-year-old daughter to Hollywood with him. The daughter liked the movie capital so much that when somebody asked her when she was going home to New York she replied, "We're going to stay right here till it closes." . . . During the recent bitter fighting in Italy, a Nazi bomb flattened a house whose reputation was extremely shady. My compliments go to the Colonel who listed three officers who lost their lives there as "killed in action." He also told his men, when he heard that the only person who survived the attack was the madame who ran the establishment, "This ought to teach you never to go into a place unless you have legitimate business there!" . . . After an acrimonious lunch with a pesky authoress, a publisher grumbled, "That girl is like a fire hydrant. There's a penalty for parking near her!" . . . A manufacturer received a whopping bill from his lawyer. He stood for everything until he came to this item: "For crossing street to talk to you and discovering it wasn't you: $500.00." . . .

S. C. LESCH, OF THE *WALL STREET JOURNAL*, has two friends who promoted sufficient gas to motor home from a fishing trip in Maine, but encountered engine trouble on a lonely road at dusk. Who answered their knock at the nearest farm house? Right! The farmer's beautiful daughter. She gave them dinner and let them stay overnight. Six months later one of the friends received an ominous-looking legal document. A frown disappeared as he read it, and then he phoned his fishing companion.

"I say, Tom," he said, "did you by any chance spend a little time with that beautiful farm girl the night our car broke down?"

"Why, yes," answered Tom sheepishly.

"And did you in a moment of Machiavellian cunning give her my name and address?"

"Now don't get sore about that," broke in Tom. "Where's your sense of humor?"

"Oh, I'm not a bit sore," his friend assured him. "I just thought you'd like to know I've heard from her lawyer. She died last week and left me the farm and $12,000 in cash." . . .

WHEN HEDY LAMARR first came to America, a friend urged her to visit two typical local institutions: an automat and a five-and-ten-cent store. "The automat I'm dying to see," replied Lamarr, "but I know all about five-and-ten-cent stores." "Have you

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been to one already?" the friend asked. "Oh, no," said Hedy, "but I once had dinner with Barbara Hutton." . . . Out in Hollywood, they are working on the script of "Night and Day," a screen biography of Cole Porter. The problem presented itself of introducing Monty Woolley, who was one of Porter's teachers at Yale. "I know," suggested a producer named Mike Curtiz, whose accent is not exactly Oxfordian. "We'll show Porter opening a door. On it is painted, 'Monty Woolley, Professor from English Literature.'" . . . Dorothy Kilgallen knows a chorus girl who was deeply smitten with a Frenchman until he asked her if she had a dowry. "Yes, but don't think I'm silly enough to let you read it," she replied in a huff. . . .

I LUNCHED THE OTHER DAY with John Farrar, back from a long stretch abroad with the O.W.I. He broke his foot during a blackout in Algiers, still limps a bit, but is otherwise bronzed and fit. He says the story that he left his equipment on the dock in his excitement to board the transport for Africa was sheer poppycock; asked to lug a heavy typwriter with him at the last minute, he purposely left many of his personal belongings behind to be shipped out later. He is no longer a member of the firm of Farrar & Rinehart. He gave me the impression that his future publishing plans were settled in his own mind, but obviously did not want to reveal the details. Meanwhile, he is working at the Overseas Publications Bureau of the O.W.I., editing one of its magazines for foreign consumption, and will stay there as long as he's useful. . . .

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED how the expression "Indian summer" came into being? Henry Commager explains that in Pilgrim days the Indians, for some reason, ceased their raids when the warm weather ended. The settlers thought their troubles, from that direction at least, were ended for many months when the first frosts set in. Then a belated spell of midsummer weather would set in, and the pesky Indians reappeared. That period of the year has been known as "Indian summer" ever since. . . .

A. C. SPECTORSKY, literary editor of *The Chicago Sun* (the "A. C." stands for "Auguste Comte"), has married Elizabeth Bullock, and a dashing pair they make, too. . . . Duell, Sloane and Pearce report that "Dear Sir," their little collection of really funny letters received by draft boards and other government agencies, has zoomed close to the 50,000 mark. It's a full dollar's worth! . . . Coming in November: a new Jules Romains novel, called "The Death of a Nobody" (Knopf), and James Warburg's "Foreign Policy Begins at Home" (Harcourt). . . . Lt. Howard Hunt, author of "Limit of Darkness," was raving about the prodigious exploits of the Seabees in the South Pacific. "If those fellows put their minds to it," he concluded, "I bet they could construct a white woman!"

BENNETT CERF.

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The Spirit of Freedom's Warriors

GUERILLA. By Lord Dunsany. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. 1944. 252 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THE land of this heroic and moving novel is Hellas: not only is it Greece, though Lord Dunsany never so names it, it is the home of the Hellenic spirit in every free man and woman, the Athens of Pericles, the Hellas of Shelley's great ode, the country where tradition and the free mind are one, and beauty is everlastingly at the service of truth.

The Land has been taken over by the Germans: organized resistance is at an end, and the young men are bewildered and dismayed. What is to be done to keep freedom alive, to secure ultimate victory? Young Srebnitz has just finished school, is due in a fortnight at the university. Is he to go there, or——? An elder friend's example and advice settle the question. Gregor tells him of the army which Hlaka, veteran of an old war, is forming in the Mountain. Hlaka is severe: his demands on his recruits are high: a man who would join him must come with a German rifle and ammunition. To have these he must kill a German. And all movement after dark means death, if the culprit is discovered; killing a sentry means the death of hostages in reprisal. In a brief snatch of dialogue Lord Dunsany puts the problem with the same splendor of simplicity which characterizes his every page:

> "They will kill innocent people?" gasped Srebnitz.
>
> "I don't know what 'innocent people' means," said Gregor. "They will kill people who have done nothing, because I have done my duty. It is most terrible. It will be as though I had plunged my knife into their hearts. But Our People must be free. Or dead. Many have died in three thousand years. But all who lived have been free. We must be free."

From the time when Srebnitz kills a sentry, escapes, with the help of the lovely Sophia, into the Mountain, "Guerilla" moves with a deceptive ease from height to height. There is a profound gravity in the book; and there are humor and a resolute sense of the value of courage and wisdom. If the courage is that of Hector and Achilles, Hlaka exhibits as well an Odyssean wisdom. His original band is a very tiny company—not a score of men; but as Gregor says "five thousand men can't kill a coney. Some men are born hunters; the Germans are born plotters. Good plotters, too. But we are hunters."

In narrating the shifts and chances of guerilla warfare, the amazing generosity shown to those combatting German tyranny and outrage, Lord Dunsany is writing of what he knows; for he himself escaped, difficultly and dangerously, from Athens after the Germans had arrived to rescue the half-hearted and impotent Italian forces.

One day he may tell his own story; meanwhile, with a modesty that is rewarded by the writing of a masterpiece, he has paid tribute to the spirit of freedom's warriors in all devastated and enslaved lands. "Guerilla" is a little epic—it is the work of an Irishman of poetic genius who has fed his imagination not only on his own country's great legends of gods and heroes, but on the greater fables of Homer. In some of his work Dunsany's fancy, so vividly inventive, has rather obscured his imagination; here the poetic imagination is supreme, and is at its most Homeric, perhaps, in the calm sense of the culmination when "a god in the machine," an English aviator, rescues Hlaka and his company of half a hundred from a position that it is almost impossible to defend.

Lord Dunsany

This is the best novel about the issues of the war, the best analysis of the forces on our side and the enemy's that I have read since John Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down." It should have as great a success.

Situations and Solutions

THEY DARE NOT GO A-HUNTING. By Dorothea Cornwell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 279 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

LIKE some other prize-winning novels of recent date, this one, for which Dodd Mead and *Redbook* awarded $10,000, is no great shakes as a novel. This generally disconcerts the reviewers, who expect that the monetary reward will bring forth, in competition, the best kind of writing. But this sort of expectation is based upon a misunderstanding; it isn't what the competing writers have to offer that decides the result, but rather what the donors want for their money, and that is reasonable. What they wanted, in this instance, was a book to exploit that same wide and familiar reading public which they had severally and together been nourishing with their standard product, the magazine-serial, circulation-library readers. They were looking for another Kathleen Norris, not a Christina Stead. Of course, if they could get a combination of both . . . I do not think it is a disservice to Miss Cornwell to conjecture that, while there may have been better manuscripts in the contest, hers probably came closest to the specific desires of the magazine and publishers. She has taken a grave psychological problem, fashioned it like a slick magazine romance, avoided its implications, and ended it with the very best little solver of problems in fiction: the baby.

Julia Greer, the central figure of this story, is inhibited by the circumstances of her life, more specifically by her mother. Mrs. Greer has lost her husband and her son, and uses all of her longing and loneliness to bind her daughter to her. It is a situation tense with neuroticism, pointing straight into the darkness of psychopathology. But no sooner is the problem barely stated, than Julia skips right out of it, into the sunnier fields of romance. Wise old Dr. Scott has prescribed a new hair-do and a cocktail party for her. There she meets dashing Mike Walton, a red-haired engineer, and they are married before you can see it happening. There is a triangle involving Mike's old gallant-hearted girl, Truda, and certain conflicts and doubtings (boy meets, loses, gets) before the final satisfactory ending with a classic blend of the uniform and the child that binds. There is little else to say save that Miss Cornwell has not thought very seriously about her serious story. Julia, Mike, Truda, the unbearable Dr. Scott, are the flattest kind of stock characters. Mike says, somewhere, "Don't trap the war in a wisecrack"; but that is really how they all talk all the way through, trapping opinions and emotions, about Life, in wisecracks they never made up themselves.

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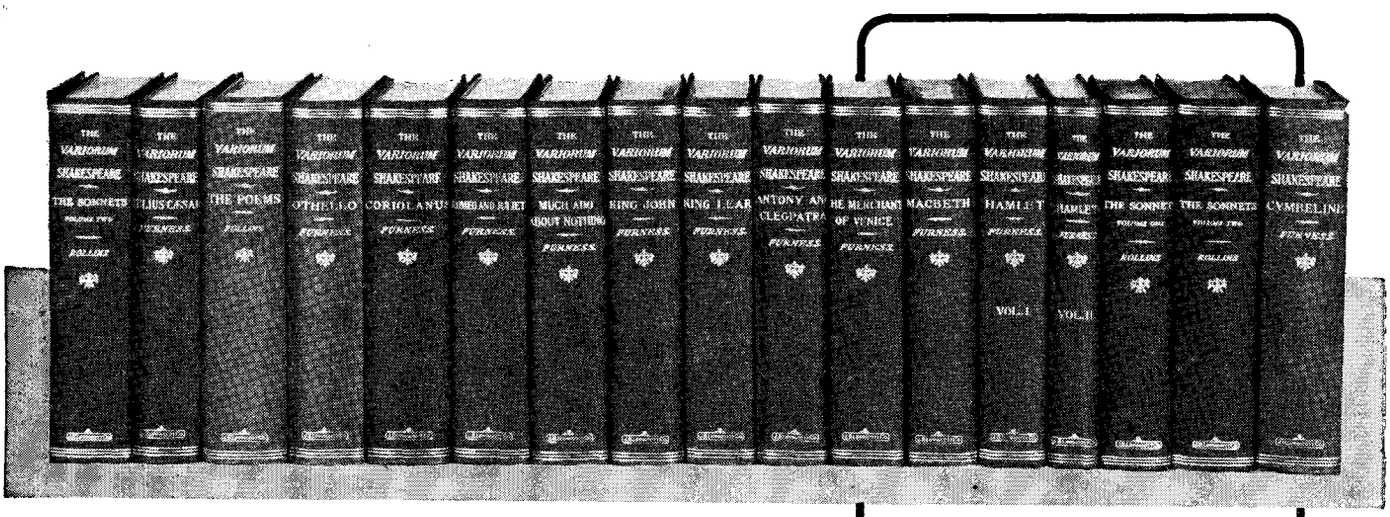

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Pattern for Prognosticators

WHAT MAKES A WAR END? By Lt. Commander H. A. Calahan, U.S.N.R. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1944. 260 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

SINCE a good memory is an essential for a successful prophet, it is useful to examine the endings of previous wars if we would anticipate the finish of the present conflict. Certainly reasoning by historical analogy to predict the future is a sounder device in spite of its inherent risks than reading Nostradamus or consulting an astrologer. But until Commander Calahan published this analysis, it was not a simple matter to recognize the series of events that caused the surrender of vanquished nations. He is justified in writing: "Our knowledge of how wars begin is well organized But, strange to say, most historical writers avoid exploring the intricate paths that lead to the end."

Commander Calahan's purpose is to determine how and when wars ended and to disclose a pattern that would enable amateur crystal gazers to predict the probable end of this war. He examines in great detail the military, political, social, and economic conditions that accompanied the end of nine wars, beginning with the American Revolution and concluding with the First World War.

The author writes: "This book is not a work of prophecy. Rather, it is a book of data for the man who draws his own conclusions." His investigation is judicious, thoughtful, and wary. He eschews any preconceived theory of how wars end, but he insists on the utility of examining the historical evidence.

What does this evidence show? Some losers quit because they cannot attain their war aims or the cost of attaining them is excessive. The American Revolution and the Russo-Japanese War ended that way. Other losers quit because further resistance is impossible. Our own Civil War and the Franco-Prussian War ended for that reason. In every instance military pressure was the indispensable ingredient of victory, but war-weariness finally overwhelmed one side and this moral fatigue is influenced by national economy, political activity, and mass psychology. The author himself writes: "There is no yardstick to measure national guts."

If one could touch the intangible and the immaterial and weigh the imponderable in the hearts of the German and Japanese people we should have a better chance of foretelling how and when this war will end. We can measure military pressure; we know what battles have been won; we can compare our losses in men and materiel with corresponding German and Japanese losses; we can determine how many square miles the Germans and Japs have given up. Within Germany and Japan this military pressure will tend to cause starvation, exhaustion, and ultimately revolution, but how close have the armies of the United Nations brought Germany and Japan to these conditions?

Commander Calahan is somewhat unorthodox in his thesis that a treaty is not necessary or desirable to end a conflict. He advocates a complete disarmament of the vanquished nations with continuing and effective controls to prevent rearmament. Destruction of plants or facilities that are being converted to war production must be immediate and retribution swift. He also advocates small wars to prevent big ones. That the people of the United States can be educated to an acceptance of this doctrine appears problematical. Even a continuing occupation of the enemy territory may encounter serious opposition from the representatives of the people after the initial flush of victory has abated.

Commander Calahan has made a novel and useful contribution to the study of warfare. He is far more successful in telling *how* wars end than in giving data that will help us to guess *when* they will end. The reader will still find prophecy a perplexing profession. The only venture made by the author himself concerning the time this war will end is "Well—soon. At any rate, suddenly and when we least expect it." Nevertheless the factual presentation, the interpretations, and the deductions are of the greatest interest at this moment in history.

Politics and the Poll Tax

DEMOCRACY BEGINS AT HOME. By Jennings Perry. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 280 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CONGRESSMAN ALBERT GORE

TENNESSEE'S poll tax disenfranchises hundreds of thousands of voters, so that its vote regularly totals only about half that of her sister state, Kentucky, of approximately the same size.

With this small, restricted statewide vote, the smooth functioning Memphis political machine of E. H. Crump can easily roll up enough votes to be the balance of power in Tennessee politics. Especially so when the budding little bosses and band wagon riders over the state lay their chips on the Crump-backed candidates.

That's the way the author of "Democracy Begins at Home" sees the poll tax in Tennessee. This is a story of Tennessee's stormy political fight against the poll tax and against entrenched political bossism, a fight led by a progressive, crusading newspaper, the *Nashville Tennesseean,* in collaboration with other important state newspapers.

It is more than an inside story of a legislative battle and editorial campaign. In pungent, provocative prose the author bares with evident relish the intimate political machinations and duplicity by which repeal of the poll tax was repeatedly forestalled.

This story involves many Tennessee politicians but none so prominently as Memphis's "Mr. Crump," whom the author describes in a generous moment as "a benevolent old fellow . . . presuming always that he knew what the best thing was, and would impose it."

The power of the press is in no way minimized. The reader may get the impression that the author over-values the editorial utterances of the *Tennessean* but, even so, the brilliance and ferocity with which the poll tax was exposed as an instrument of political dictatorship in Tennessee and how the people were aroused is both captivating and challenging.

The author, Jennings Perry, is a fighting, liberal editor of the *Tennessean.* A newspaper man with traditional beginnings as cub reporter, Perry is recognized as one of the South's ablest exponents of the kind of liberalism that despises intolerance, bigotry, and reaction in American life.

Repeal of the poll tax law was finally attained only to be nullified by an unprecedented decision of the Tennessee Supreme Court. But the fight continues.

Particularly interesting to those familiar with turbulent Tennessee politics, the book will be of interest also to all those concerned with preserving the people's fundamental rights.

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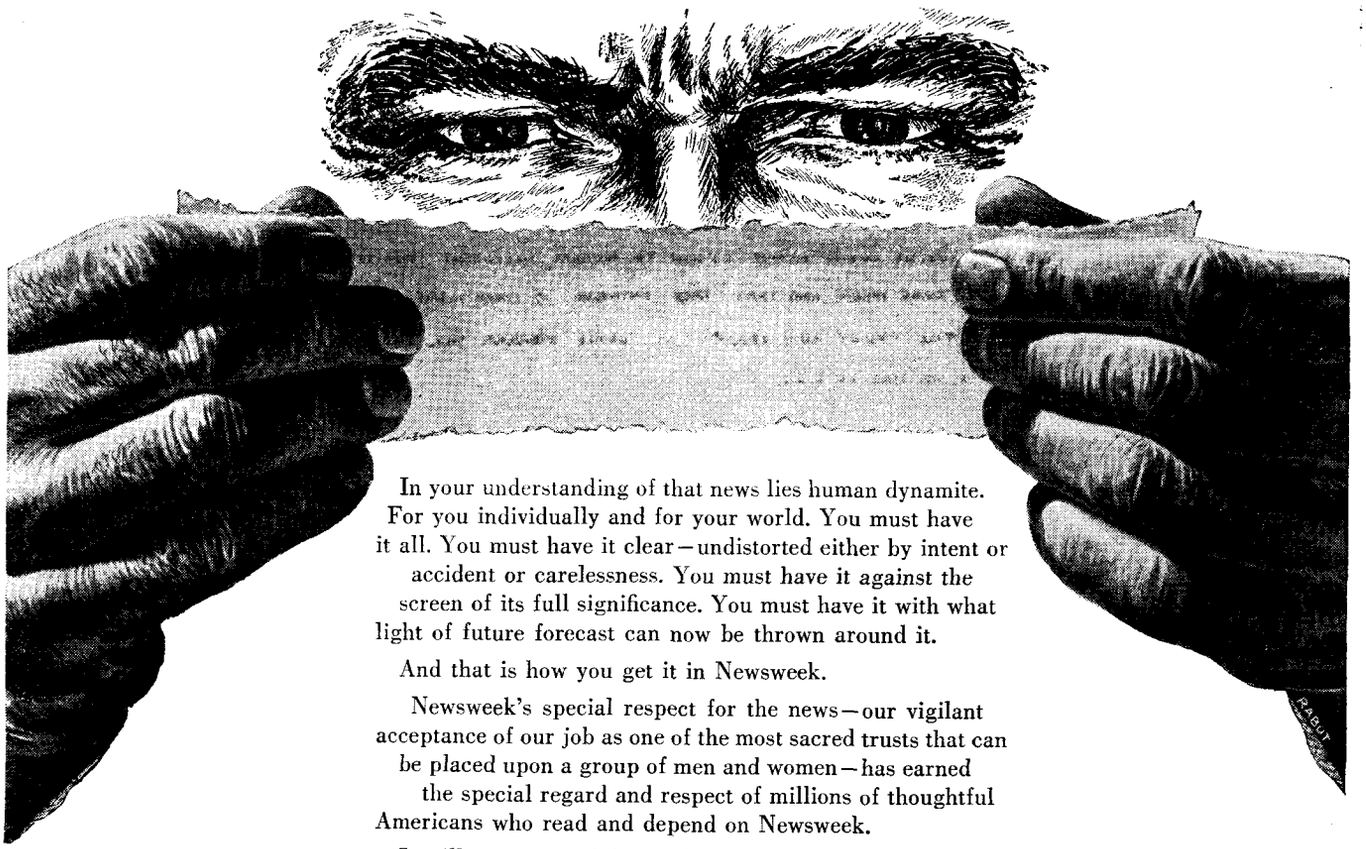

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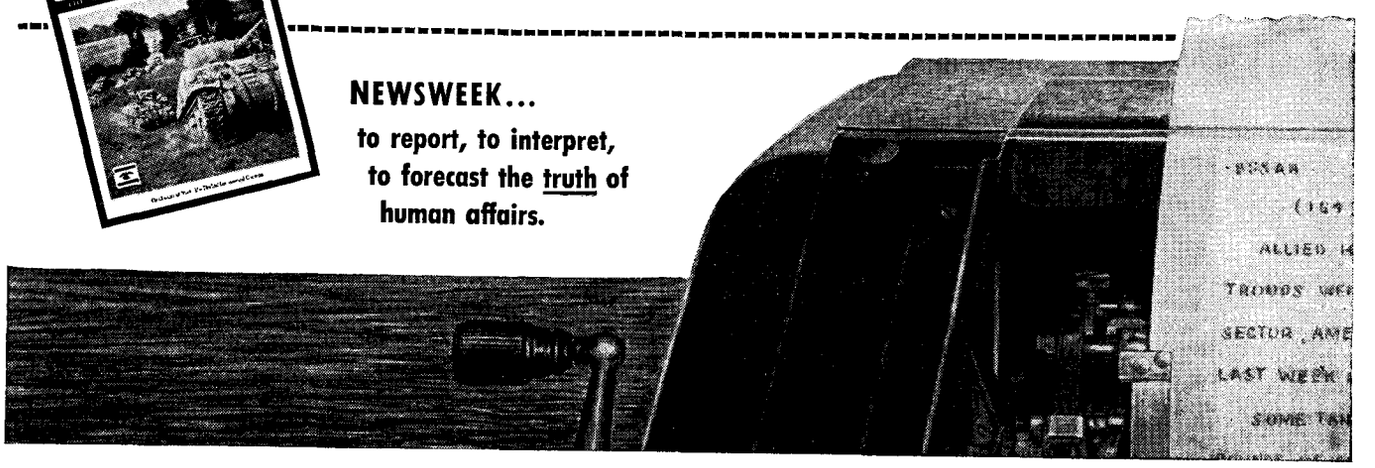

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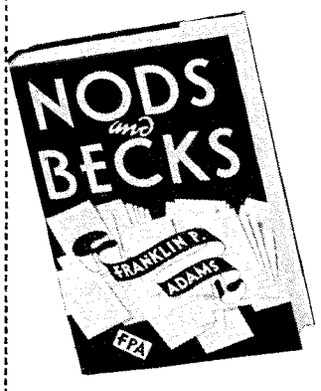

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Two American Lakes

LAKE SUPERIOR. By Grace Lee Nute. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1944. 376 *pp.* $3.50.

LAKE MICHIGAN. By Milo M. Quaife. The same. 384 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE GENZMER

HAVING begun auspiciously a few months ago with "Lake Huron" by the Canadian historian, Fred Landon, the American Lakes Series now advances on the same happy level with the simultaneous publication of "Lake Superior" by Miss Nute of the Minnesota State Historical Society and of "Lake Michigan" by the well known historian, Milo M. Quaife, who is general editor of the series. It is already safe to predict that the uniform excellence reached by these three volumes will be maintained by the two still in preparation, Arthur Pound's "Lake Ontario" and Harlan Hatcher's "Lake Erie."

The American Lakes Series was probably suggested by the cordial welcome that readers have given to the Rivers of America Series, but it differs in important respects from its friendly rival and exemplar. There is something pleasantly bohemian and unpredictable about the Rivers Series, into which its original editor, the late Constance Lindsay Skinner, injected so much of her own ardor and originality. Of the twenty-seven volumes that have taken or are about to take their place in the Rivers Series, only two exhibit any marked family resemblance, and they, of course, are by the same author. The scope and extent of the series also seem indeterminate: any American stream, from a trickle to a flood, is eligible. Miss Skinner's idea, closely followed by her successor, has been to mate a good river and a good author and accept the offspring trustingly for what it might be worth. The formula has produced many good and some brilliant books. Above all, it has made for variety.

Mr. Quaife has followed a different plan, and he too has been justified by its success. The American Lakes Series is evidently limited to our five Great Lakes: we shall not be astonished some coming season with volumes on Okeechobee, Winnepesaukee, Champlain, or Tahoe; and that, for the nonce, is a clear advantage. Since the Great Lakes themselves are interrelated to form a single system, some uniformity of treatment was necessary in Mr. Quaife's series. It is proof of his editorial prowess that he has chosen collaborators of unexceptionable competence and has so arranged matters that they could work together as a team without, so far as a mere observer can discern, repressing their individual talents. The result is a genuine series and not a mere succession of books about the Great Lakes. Each volume has virtue of its own and conveys a clear idea of the virtues of the others.

Those virtues are the virtues of good historians, who have experiential as well as objective knowledge of their theme, and who know how to write truthful, readable prose. Each has lived with his subject throughout his professional career. They communicate to the reader not a sense of sudden discovery but of something that has been worth years of scholarly devotion. By no stretch of fancy could these books be called brilliant, but they are excellent popular history of the kind that remains fresh and alive after many publishing seasons.

Geographically considered—and that is the foundational, down-to-earth point of view—Lake Superior belongs to one clearly demarcated region, Lake Michigan, and the others to another. Lake Superior, after Huron, was the first to be explored by white men; missionaries and fur traders knew their way through its chill waters long before they dared venture south among the Iroquois to Michigan and Erie. Yet it retains to this day its untamed, untamable quality. Its shores are rich in timber and ore, and the cities at its head are bustling and modern. An incredible tonnage, greater than through Suez and Panama combined, flows annually through its canals into the lower lakes. Even to this day, however, it is not quite to be thought of as a civilized region. After three hundred years it is still a region for pioneers. Miss Nute's book tells the story of a wilderness incomparably rich, relentlessly exploited, still in large measure a savage country, with civilization close at hand.

Mr. Quaife has a different story to tell and tells it with equal gusto. Lake Michigan is almost as completely humanized as the Mediterranean. Before half his narrative is completed, he strides from bark canoe to great steel steamship, and has the rest of his book left in which to journey peacefully round its shores telling endless stories of the infinite enterprises of men and women of the recent past, ending with a prose paean to that "eighth wonder of the world," the city of Chicago.

A final word of praise must be said for illustrations, bibliographical notes, and indexes. Every detail has been admirably planned and executed.

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Who's Who in the Snake World

THEY HOP AND CRAWL. By Percy A. Morris. Jacques Cartell Press. 1944. 248 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

IF cows go dry it is not because snakes have milked them, as the countryside still believes. A snake's mouth is not constructed with the necessary mobile lips. The king cobra of India is the only known serpent that will attack a man; rattlers, moccasins, copperhead, and their equally venomous relatives will not. The mate of a snake that has been killed will not haunt the neighborhood seeking revenge. Snakes will not swallow and later disgorge their young, none the worse for the experience. The "hoop snake" will not perform the acrobatic feat of taking its tail in its mouth and rolling along to reach its destination, and it has no deadly sting in its tail. Snakes do not charm birds in their nests, and when a gun is aimed at them they do not obligingly rear their heads and "line up with the sights," so that the marksman simply can't miss.

Morris, chief preparator on the staff of the Peabody Museum of Yale who has done much field work in this and other countries, begins an interesting, popularly written volume with an exposure of these common fallacies. After he has examined harmless and poisonous snakes, crocodiles, lizards, turtles, toads, frogs, and salamanders the reader ought to reach the conviction that serpents make us shrink and sometimes shudder simply because we have not been taught the truth about them.

It turns out that some snakes have their good points, that whisky as a cure for snake bite does more harm than good, and that because a snake has a triangular head it is not necessarily poisonous. Crocodiles do not weep. If they seem to do so, it is because their eyes have narrow vertical pupils and because the creatures almost always drip water. "Turtles," "tortoises," and "terrapin" are not good names. To a naturalist the tortoises live entirely on land, and "terrapin" is to him a fresh-water variety. If you must have a generic term use his "chelonians."

Morris has written an excellent popular work which ought to dispel the illusions of the city dweller in particular and teach him to look on any serpent or lizard as he would on deer or for that matter a cow, that is as a living creature which has its place in the economy of nature.

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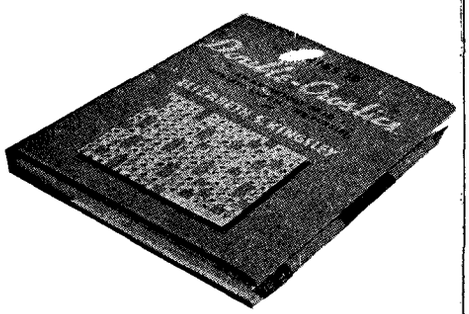

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Age-Old Cultural Pattern

THE NAVAHO DOOR: An Introduction to Navaho Life. By Alexander H. Leighton and Dorothea C. Leighton. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1944. $4.

Reviewed by
ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

THIS modest and quiet book, by a pair of resourceful young psychiatrists, who have studied the Navaho Indians and their health problems under the auspices of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, is brilliantly suggestive in its approach. Our largest, most vital, least Americanized tribe, on its vast, semi-arid Southwest reservation, has been offered for some years, along with other Government services, a certain amount of modern medical care, hospitalization, out-patient advice. Nevertheless, native medicine still flourishes among the Indians and white therapeutic ways are suspect and strange to the less educated or accessible mass.

Here is a problem, repeating itself, of course, in other realms, like soil erosion control and herd reduction, where modern white techniques have been urged or enforced among the Navahos. To study it, the Leightons, who have a psychological and sociological as well as a medical concern, moved, as Commissioner Collier points out in his introduction, "into the centre of the Navaho's world-view and his life effort." They set themselves to find out who and what a Navaho is in his own right—his history, religion, relationship to the Indian Bureau, the conditions of his daily life, above all his manner of dealing with illness. Dismissing the premise that the white doctor knows all the answers, and must apply his knowledge rigidly, they frankly seek "mutual adjustment and coöperation between peoples who are separated by language, skin color, and a whole way of life."

Illness, the Navaho believes, derives from some lack of harmony between the sick person and the universal. The religious rituals and ceremonials, in which the Navaho spends from one sixth to one half of his productive time, are conducted by medicine men, "chanters" who combine priesthood and practice, in the interest of the sick. Family and friends who assemble join in a concentrated effort to ward off evil forces and bring the sufferer to a positive state of mind and health.

The Leightons suggest that the white doctor cash in on the Navaho's affirmative preoccupation with health (mystical or not), his native intelligence in this field, the tendency now shown to use white medical aid, in addition to his own. Every patient should be regarded as offering an educational as well as a therapeutic problem. Patience in explaining baffling white procedures, in simple graphic words, will pay health dividends. Why not reveal that digitalis derives from a plant, like most Navaho remedies, that iron can be reduced to a pill? Display X-rays to tubercular patients to make clear what happens to a diseased lung with care or neglect? In out-patient work, time medication by the sun, make use of native yucca and sweat baths? Finally, since the medicine man is a potential colleague, admit him to the hospital as spiritual adviser, just as white ministers and priests are so admitted? He thus will learn, observe, disseminate knowledge.

The Leightons make the basic point that the widening of common ground between the races is possible and also practical. If a native cultural pattern, of age-old import, is understood it can be built into the foundations of new ways. As the Indian Commissioner remarks, the implications of this viewpoint are world-wide. The victorious Allies, in their role of advisers and administrators to primitive minorities, will succeed only if they look for fertile spots where differing minds and cultures may meet.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Hesperus, Norman's Woe, daughter, drifting mast.
2. Dutch, Chinese, gingham, calico.
3. Casey, Mudville, striking out, ninth.
4. Hamlin, 1000, rats, the Pied Piper, children.
5. Henrik Hudson, Catskill, Rip Van Winkle, 20 years.
6. Madeline, the barroom floor, chalk.
7. Crossbow, albatross, the Ancient Mariner.
8. Two lanterns, Old North, Paul Revere, Middlesex, British, sea.
9. Curfew, Basil Underwood, Bessie, clapper.
10. Abou Ben Adhem, an angel, gold, loved the Lord.
11. Horatius, Lars Porsena, bridge, Rome.
12. Ducats, three, Shylock, flesh, Antonio.

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Victory over Blindness

IT WAS NOT MY OWN IDEA. By Robinson Pierce. New York: American Foundation for the Blind. 1944. 128 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by M. E. TRACY

THIS is the story of a blind man, and of the adjustment he was obliged to make on losing his sight just as he was approaching the prime of life. It is told by himself in very simple language and in a very modest way. It deals with exactly such problems as you and I would face under similar circumstances—every day problems, such as combing one's hair, shaving, learning how not to stumble over furniture, avoiding objects by listening to their echo, learning the braille system, getting accustomed to the use of simple tools, and so forth.

The tragic part of this story consists of the fact that Robinson Pierce had already chosen a profession which seems to be more dependent on sight than most others and had made something of a reputation for himself as an athlete. He had already graduated from Brown and picked astronomy as his chosen field when the darkness began to descend. The strength of his story consists in the philosophical way he faced his fate and the various methods he chose to make the most of it. In summing up at the end, he says,

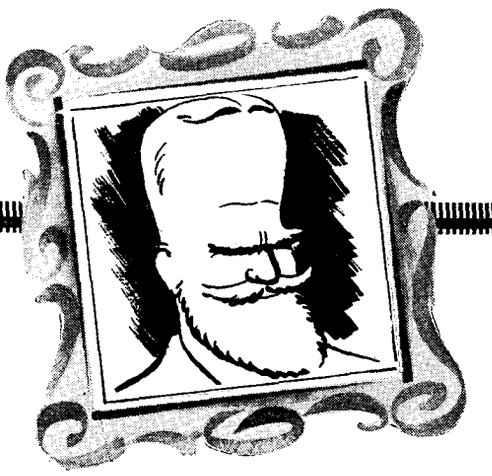
> . . . my life as a blind man was spent mostly in the country. This may have been unwise. Being a teacher at the time my sight went, perhaps I should have gone on with teaching. Other blind men have done so successfully, and I believe the theory of continuing to do what you have done before is more in line with up-to-date social thinking. Perhaps, with me, fate decided the issue by having me born thirty years too soon for that competent advice. Anyway, it was the country life for me.

No sooner was it determined that Mr. Pierce was going blind, than kind friends advised him to "get back to the land." Incidentally, that seems the general tenor of advice which people get when they find themselves up against a real emergency. Taking it seriously, he found himself on a rather poor and badly run-down New England farm and, as so many others have done before, went into the chicken business. His description of how he mastered the business, adapted himself to its various requirements making a success of it and doing much of the work with his own hands or fingers, is really a revelation of good humor and Yankee ingenuity.

How many

SHAWS

do you see in this picture?

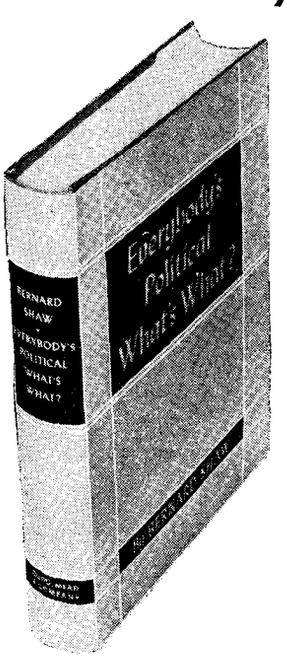


There are at least six

—and all of them have collaborated in

Everybody's Political WHAT'S WHAT?

By BERNARD SHAW



G.B.S., the Political Philosopher, is the principal author of this new book which deals—among other subjects—with politics, education, banking, war, science, religion, gambling, collective scoundrelism, and general strikes. But in it other Shaws are discoverable: Shaw, the Anti-Vivisectionist; Shaw, the Vegetarian; Shaw, the Advocate of Euthanasia and Opponent of Compulsory Vaccination; Shaw, the 88-year-old irreconcilable of English letters who fights like a division and writes like a witty angel.

"A typically Shavian commentary on the current efforts to establish good government. His comments are brilliant, paradoxical, puckish, and sometimes shrewd; the reader who delights in the clever manipulation of ideas cannot do better than choose this volume . . . it has, in addition, the merit of highlighting effectively the defects in most of the post-war programs that have been advanced."—GERALD W JOHNSON, in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

Everybody's Political What's What? is *all* Shaw.
It is on sale at all bookstores. $3.00

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New York Murders

By ANGELICA GIBBS, BAYNARD KENDRICK, EDWARD D. RADIN, KURT STEEL, LAWRENCE TREAT and TED COLLINS, Editor

Eschewing the familiar, Ted Collins and his five distinguished collaborators have here presented seven New York murders hitherto inexplicably given little or no attention.

"The selection of murders has been brilliant, and so has the selection of writers..."—*Craig Rice*

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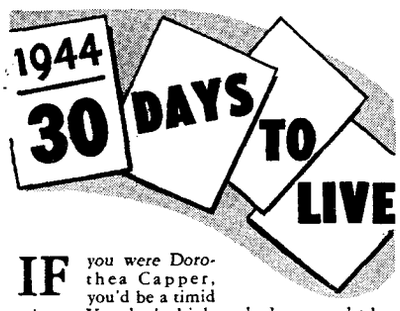
Duell, Sloan and Pearce



IF you were Dorothea Capper, you'd be a timid spinster. You don't think anybody cares whether you live or die. But you're dead wrong! Because you are to inherit five hundred thousand dollars – PROVIDED YOU ARE STILL ALIVE IN THIRTY DAYS!

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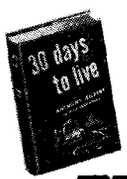

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By ANTHONY GILBERT

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Melodrama on a High Plane

THE ROAD IS BEFORE US. By Agnes Boulton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

THIS is an unusual first novel. It develops as a keen psychological analysis of the characters involved, but, what is more important, it has always, at every turn, a firm grasp of the technique of story plotting and telling. It is melodrama, but melodrama which stems logically from the author's sure comprehension of the people she is writing about. Ostensibly, Miss Boulton is describing for us the daily episodes, the small chat, the bickerings and misunderstandings which punctuate the lives of four people on a five-day trip to Florida; but actually, and never straining for effect, she is showing us the pattern which had shaped T. E. Edgren, copy-reader on a New York morning newspaper, into the man he was—and was discontented with. Edgren was a man sick in his soul, sick of a sickness he did not quite understand, when he drove into Pittsburgh to pick up his unknown fellow-travelers, old Mr. and Mrs. Rawl, and Miss Addie Brown, who was a black girl who had the same feeling that Rawls did of wanting to escape the harsh breath of the northern winter.

But the story is really concerned with Edgren and his sister Ann, who had just died so tragically, with Ann and with the strange mother who had borne them and with their ineffectual father. They had grown up almost too close together. Ann, Edgren was shocked to discover too late, was the only human being he had any love for. And this love, selfish and blind though it was, had balked and hindered the unfolding of his character. His friend Judy knew this, but she could not very well tell him so. He had to learn for himself. And perhaps he never would have learned if Ann had not surprised him by marrying John Verry —of whom he had never heard—and then dying of an abortion for which he blamed Verry. It was Ann's death, and his resentment against Verry which had impelled him to quit his job and pursue Verry to Florida, to pick up, incidentally, the Rawls and Addie Brown, as a means to cut his traveling expenses.

"It's an awful tiresome trip down," Mr. Rawls remarked to him apologetically.

Well, it wasn't. Mr. Rawls died in his sleep one night, and Addie Brown had a miscarriage, which she kept to herself, and Edgren got himself involved in a drinking bout at a weird Georgia roadhouse, and met some distinctly unusual people—including a Negro sculptress, who eases out of the story too soon—and was an unwitting witness to a murder. He managed to barge through a remarkable cross-section of the South in those five days. He learned a good deal about how elderly people live and think in Pittsburgh or St. Petersburg. And he might have learned a lot more about the ways of the Negro folk, if he had been able to look into Addie Brown's mind, which he wasn't. Addie Brown was just as upset as he was. Her problem was one of raising three hundred dollars to engineer divorces for herself and Campbell Washington, so they could get married and be legal together. And then there was the baby she lost in the roadside cabin. She hadn't wanted to lose that baby. Addie Brown is a very real person, perhaps because Miss Boulton doesn't try to romanticize her. And that is also true of Mrs. Rawl, whose pettish small talk etches her before your eyes like one of Jane Austen's characters. But the meat of this story is the reflections that pass through the mind of T. E. Edgren as he peers over his steering-wheel at the road ahead. Without realizing it, the incidents of travel, the people he is thrown with, tend to stabilize his feelings. He is able at the last to face Verry with sanity, and to break himself free of the unnatural spell which had bound his initiative. Miss Boulton's story is as thoughtful as it is dramatic.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 71

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.

IF YOU ARE STUCK: *The clue below the cryptogram will give you the definition of one word. Answer to No. 71 will be found in the next issue.*

LBC BDEFAGHLC JFLB KHMXGJ BHP KHVVXHSD ZHLB LBC TXPN FG KCHV FQ KHGLRC.

—OFBS LXDVFG.

CLUE: The sixth word means MORAL DEPRAVITY.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 70

NO CHANGE, NO PAUSE, NO HOPE! YET I ENDURE.

—SHELLEY.

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Nature of Personality

SLAVERY AND FREEDOM. By Nicholas Berdyaev. New York: Scribner's. 1944. 271 pp., with Index. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

THE title of this book has no reference whatever to concentration camps and subsequent escape therefrom. The things which enslave mankind are of a different order altogether from barbed wire fences and walls of stone. They comprise instead a long list of social institutions and philosophical abstractions, to the treatment of each of which the author devotes a special chapter, and, to be specific, include such things as being, God, nature, society, civilization, individualism, sovereignty, war, nationalism, aristocracy, money and property, revolution, collectivism, sex, and beauty. Add a jug of wine somewhere, and a loaf of bread, and the ordinary mortal might enjoy a state of servitude to some of these things, especially, shall we say, money and the two at the end of this list. Not, however, our author. He has something else in mind. He works on a level on which all of these things, because they belong to the realm of the objective, stand together in opposition to the subjective. The objective represents slavery; the subjective, freedom. Only the subjective can experience freedom, only the subjective can know what freedom means, only the subjective can be free.

But what is the subjective? The answer is personality. And what is personality? Is it not something begun biologically and shaped and fashioned by psychological, social, political, and historical influences as the child becomes the man? Is it not a product of nature and of society? The answer, says Berdyaev, is in the negative. No intellectual discipline can penetrate into the nature of personality because to do so is to attempt to treat as an object what is always and everywhere a subject. Personality is no conceptual pawn for philosophers and scientists; it is something above and beyond their childish games; something incomparable and ineffable, a child of spirit and not of nature. It is independent of the determination of the world and of society alike, and remains subordinate to no mechanism whatever. Its nature eludes the dictionary of concepts and can find expression only in the language of symbols. It is spirit, freedom, action. It is something which, in striving always to transcend itself, wins an existential meeting with God, communes with the interior sense of the world, and attains, by this means only, a state of freedom.

We have here a philosophy which the

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8 BOOKLETS BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

Bertrand Russell, the distinguished philosopher, mathematician, logician and Freethinker, recently said that he enjoyed writing booklets for E. Haldeman-Julius because he is given the fullest freedom of expression. In fact, it is only in essays written for Haldeman Julius that Dr. Russell can give circulation to the mind-liberating thoughts he feels should be made known to the average person. Most standard publishers are afraid to issue works that are frowned on by the orthodox and conventional. Such a restriction is never encountered in the editorial department of the H-J Publications. In the booklets listed below Dr. Russell offers a feast of reason, information, logic, wit and rollicking humor. We present:

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author calls an anti-hierarchical personalism. It is anti-hierarchical because it candidly rejects the structure and foundations of the contemporary world and, to use a political example, because it points its shafts both at the levelling tyranny of socialism and at the class tyranny of capitalism. Both collectivism and capitalism deprive man of freedom because they both belong to an objectivized society and are phenomena of an objective world. In order to attain a state of freedom a man must shun the objective and turn his thoughts away from nature and from being, from the world and from society, from the dogmas of religion, from the forms of the state, and from the lures of money, sex, and beauty. The man who can do this and who can in addition follow the author into the field of eschatology will appreciate how significant this personalist philosophy is and how insignificant the chains of objective circumstance.

If all this sounds like a rather sophisticated kind of nonsense, the fault is partially the reviewer's. The argument is too complex to be easily summarized and proceeds on a level too technical to be translated into an unphilosophical idiom. As social philosophy, much of what Berdyaev has to say is not without merit, although some of it is perhaps too strong to find ready acceptance in a belligerent state (the Introduction is dated 1939).

As metaphysics, on the other hand, the book and its "anti-hierarchical personalism" has many weaknesses. The skeptic will ask embarrassing questions. He will want to know more about the ontological status of personality—which is a technical way of inquiring into its exact nature and locus. He will receive the outspoken and almost innocent dualism of the doctrine with some surprise in so profound and technically proficient a book, for he knows that dualism, so appealing to common sense, crumbles at the first touch of philosophical analysis. And he will smile at the author's pre-occupation with eschatology, knowing that not philosophers but only prophets know anything about the "science" of last things.

The verdict is therefore difficult to render. As social philosophy the book reiterates what many an emancipated philosopher might believe in time of peace but what only a completely aloof philosopher like Santayana would dare to express in time of war. Most philosophers are constitutionally and temperamentally unable to believe in the reality of human evil and most of them consequently long for the reasonable and peaceful anarchy toward which the author's prescriptions lead. As metaphysics, on the other hand, or, in more general terms, as systematic philosophy, the book will fail to satisfy a rigorous critic. Dualism may mean freedom, and monism slavery, but philosophy must begin—and end—with the nature of things.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 552)

RARE ROAST BEEF
EUGENE FIELD:

Upon a good* hot plate how does
the juicy morceau steam,
A symphony in scarlet or a red
incarnate dream!
Take from me eyes and ears and
all, O Time, thou
ruthless thief!
Except these teeth wherewith to
deal with rare roast beef.

*Changed from *nice* to get a *g*.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE AFFAIR OF THE DEAD STRANGER *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Talisman found on unidentified corpse in Mexican village starts Huntoon Rogers on chase that sees others die before carefully deduced solution.	Mexican and U. S. backgrounds colorful and interesting. Sleuthing unspectacular but convincing. Characters quarrelsome and lively. Pay-off logical and unexpected.	"—and to all a good Knight!"
QUOTH THE RAVEN *Bruno Fischer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Dead criminal's hoard involves plucky N. Y. grocer and his equivocating wife in two killings—which grocer solves.	Plentiful action, some good characters, and sinuous plot which takes unfair advantage at the end.	Slightly irritating
PANIC *Helen McCloy* (Morrow: $2.)	Uncle's ostensible death from heart failure brings pretty girl to Adirondack cabin, where undoubted murders follow.	Tense combination of intrigue and sudden death all bound up by magnificent cryptogram—which holds major solution and is a honey to crack.	Grade A

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Life in Latin America

TO THE SOUTH. By Kurt Severin. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1944. 244 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

IN fifteen years of free-lance photography and wandering through Latin America Kurt Severin has learned about life to the south. With a collaborator (Leanore Sorsby) at his elbow and with, presumably a drink in his hand, he amiably recounts his adventures, observations, and opinions, covering everything from the machete to the sex life of the Goajira tribe.

He pays tribute to Collins of Collinsville, Conn., whose bushknives are so good and so cheap that "Collins" has become part of the Spanish language. He sings the praise of the hammock and the bullfight, the coca leaf and native doctors. He discusses art and music and books, politicians and dictators, love among the civilized and the savage. He has a friendly but not sentimentalized sympathy for the exploited, bitter Indian peoples who form so large a part of Latin America's pop-

ulation. And he knows them well for he has lived with the Goajiras of Colombia and the strange, sullen Yaquis of Mexico. He has wandered through the Andes and knows the Quechuas and he visited the Chaco tribes both before and after the war between Bolivia and Paraguay.

Severin photographed the Chaco war as a correspondent with the Bolivians and, while his story of the war is cursory and suffers from lack of a map, he makes some points. The war, he says, preceded the Spanish Civil War as a testing ground for new weapons and medicine—and all nations but the United States had observers present. The root of the conflict—Bolivia's need for an outlet to the sea—was not killed by the peace settlement. Sooner or later, he suggests, it will grow another war.

Like other authors before him he warns of the Nazi and Japanese infiltration in the south. Even if defeated the Axis powers have the foundation for conquest in Latin America through their national colonies, "refrigerators for the totalitarian bacillus." Our guard should not be dropped even when the European war is over.

Outstanding Books on City Planning

The CITY Its Growth—Its Decay—Its Future

By Eliel Saarinen

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Albert Guérard in *The Nation*

"His book may well prove to be the bible of the rebuilders of the cities of tomorrow." *Boston Daily Globe*

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By Herbert S. Swan
For the Inst. of Public Administration

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The Phoenix Nest

SEPULCRI MITTE SUPERVACUOS HONORES

In Memoriam W. W.

NOW they claim what he would not have ever said, for the dead;
they who feared him and who fought him with their fraud now belaud;
they who barred him from their councils—cried he dreamed—yet who schemed
how to bind him to them, battening on his name and honest fame,
fearing still his growth and vision, who had found a giant bound,
calculating his dimensions from their slight pigmy height
till he, by merely breathing, snapped to shred every thread
who now from light increasing can assess their pettiness,
the scurry of their anthill that the tread of the dead
spurned, as he rose, discovering the sun's dominións,
ocean a shrivelled water, but the air beating aware
of man's gigantic future, all far lands linking hands . . .
Ah, the little cast great shadow through a trick of candle-wick;
witch-doctors, mopping and mowing, cried aghast from the past;
reviler and defiler on their raid howled and bayed;
but he stands where wind is blowing on a height in the light,
all man's history past him flowing stormy and proud in the cloud.
The globe underneath him turning now is one with the sun
where the crowded universes wheel together in silver weather
and the meteors' fiery furrows still expound order found
past Andromeda and Orion where they race galactic space
where the spherical and finite curve and wend to an end
or the island universes rush away to new day.
Yet that outer, to the inner, is as naught in his thought
vaster now than all those systems spiral-whirled, and one world.

I have been asked to announce the following. The course in Modern Literature conducted by Padraic and Mary Colum in Columbia University is given in the Philosophy Department and not in the English Department. It is on Tuesday afternoons between four and six.

C. J. Fern, Jr., writes me upon the paper of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, whose officers are E. Everett Evans, President; Bob Tucker, Vice President; and Walter Dunkelberger, Sec'y-Treasurer. He seems surprised to learn that my late brother was a "fan of fantasy" and a devourer of pulp magazines. He continues:

> But (as I reflected immediately afterward) he's not the only "big shot" or even "medium shot" who has confessed a desire for the fantasy pulps. I know two mystery writers—Craig Rice and Anthony Boucher—who are ardent fans; Craig Rice is supposed to be organizing a group of "Lovecraft Irregulars" outside "fandom." Boucher has bewailed for some time the fact that Basil Davenport was drafted—says he's the only nationally-known critic who gives fantasy a square deal. Walter Pitkin, Jr., is interested in the stfan movement and its origin. Clemence Dane wrote the sole decent article on pulp science-fiction I've seen. And when Fritz Lang and Forrest J. Ackerman, long "top fan," met after corresponding for fourteen years, Lang wrote Willy Ley: "Guess who I just met—Forrest Ackerman!" Even so, I still think it'll turn out to be a triple-plated worldshaker to fandom.
>
> If I put something in the next mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association under my own name, *SRL* is going to get a terrific play. I've been scavenging back copies for odd bits on fantasy in an effort to prove to the fans that it's really a worthwhile magazine even if they don't like belly-laugh collector Bennett Cerf. And I can't see why they wouldn't—fans as a group are lustier than most.

Nor can I! How about it Bennett, you old Fantasist!

I recently discovered, amid some ancient storage, certain sheets of characters and scenes for a toy theater published in London by P. Pollock, 73 Hoxton Street, Hoxton, the same who once supplied Robert Louis Stevenson with his "penny plain" and "tuppence colored." These are tuppence colored, and I bought them from the Children's Bookshop in Boston, I think, and I wonder whether they have any more? I possess characters and scenes from a play about Douglas, with the characters of Genalvon, Old Norval, Lord and Lady Randolph, Norval Wounded, Norval Dying, and Norval Dead, etc. Evidently it went hard with Norval! He fought Glenalvon, and Anna wept. I am shortly restoring the set to the small girl who originally played with the theater. She is now quite grown up and, in fact, the mother of two small sons. I hope she remembers "Douglas." The book "adapted to the above" is unfortunately missing! I used to love toy theaters. Who knows anything about toy theaters now, where they are procurable, and of what they treat. I do not mean huge and elaborate affairs for rich children, I mean the old-fashioned kind for which came sheets of figures like paper soldiers, and the theater was a printed

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proscenium tacked on to a wooden frame, the stage having slots by which the characters made their crosses, pulled by thread! Probably I shall have to make one myself. I understand that G. K. Chesterton used to make his own. Who has ever seen them?

Christine Turner Curtis of North Abingdon, Massachusetts, a writer of distinction, sends me the following, apt to the Fall:

FROM A COLLEGE CAMPUS

These parterres so lonely
Where of late there trod
The proud young men, with springing gait
On the springy sod—

Now lie sunlit, empty,
The lawns unshadowed now,
Save where the hawthorne draws
In mauve, its crooked bough.

But we remain, we remain
(Who have scuttled our young)
With all our fond logic
Turned acid on the tongue.

Earle F. Walbridge (I have never learned what the F stands for) has this to say, and very good it is, and grateful am I! We are just back from the Cove of Pigeons (Seagulls) where we were again inundated, not by the tide but by books from storage! At this writing I am once more engulfed!

The dirge I wish to sing you today concerns John Leslie Palmer, who died in Hampstead, England, August 5. Once again *The Times* and *Herald Tribune* missed the really interesting fact about his literary career: that he collaborated with Hilary St. George Saunders (author of "Combined Operations" and the recent book of American reminiscences, "Pioneers! O Pioneers!") in that gorgeous baker's dozen of thrillers concerning Colonel Alistair Granby, *et al.*, under the joint pseudonym of Francis Beeding. They also did a *roman policier* of superlative excellence, "Death Walks in Eastrepps," and a genuine masterpiece of horror, "The House of Dr. Edwardes," now under the tender ministrations of Alfred Hitchcock.

Both men were members of the permanent secretariat of the League of Nations, and they knew what they were talking about. Fantastic as some of their plots were, the latter were based on reality. "Eleven Were Brave" (1941) is an extraordinarily vivid picture of the fall of Paris, in which Winston Churchill figures (by permission) as Algernon Woodstock. (Pétain appears as Marshal Villebois; the late Hélène de Portes, Paul Reynaud's mistress, as Mme. Bertrand; while Pierre Laval has the unfragrant appellation of Vespasien Privet. Hitler and Mussolini also flit in and out of the Beeding books: Der Fuehrer as Hagen and the quondam Duce as Caffarelli.)

Odd how events dovetail, isn't it? When I wrote you, after the appearance of the twentieth anniversary issue,

Cheers for the *SRL*
Clothed all in green—O!

I was thinking about that old English folk-song concerning the Twelve Apostles. G. B. Stern quotes part of it in "Trumpet Voluntary," and Mrs. Becker discussed it in her last Sunday's column. And one of the Beeding thrillers, "The Six Proud Walkers," derives its title therefrom.

Mr. Saunders last year told a *Times* interviewer that "Palmer can't be troubled with description and narrative, and I'm no good at creating characters or dialogue." Well, if he doesn't find another collaborator one can always go back and read "The Little White Hag" and most of the others (skipping "Pretty Sinister," which is pretty disappointing). As William Congreve said (Mr. Saunders quotes him in "Pioneers! O Pioneers!"): "Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(*Continued from page* 33)

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The Crostics Club

MRS. E. R. OWEN of Ottawa, Canada, was interested in our remarks about the ginkgo tree, as "We have one in our garden and its ancient lineage and survival as a living fossil give it a peculiar attraction of its own." And her letter contains, further, this homey touch: "When my copy arrives my husband says to the children, 'Don't bother Mummy with your homework tonight, she's got troubles of her own'." Mrs. Owen, I hope, will like the Canadian selections.

How far our *SRL* reaches these days is evident in a letter from Carl Czermak, West Orange, N. J., who expresses his surprise when Corp. John Stargle in the Burma Jungle wrote of reading in the Crostics Club the note about Carl's Goomie Gimps. But the Corporal is stuck without reference books.

And William L. McDonald, Jr., "somewhere in France," in asking if in some way he can secure the Series preceding No. 15, writes: "I took Series 15 and 16 overseas with me and though a neophyte crostician I took to them right away. . . . The puzzles have also proved enormously popular with quite a few of my mates. I have made the books available to them in our library to which place I am at present the chief cook and floor-duster."

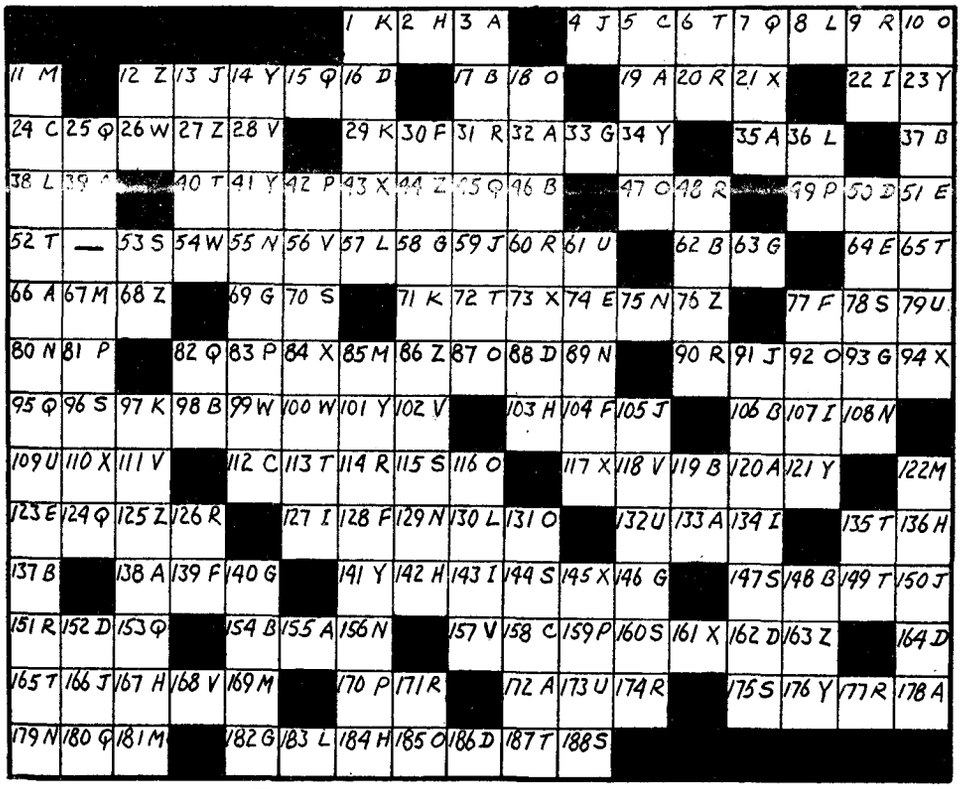
H. S. Bartholomew, Harbor Beach, Mich., comments thus on our DC diagrams: "It occurs to me that the boxed-in rectangle of black and white squares . . . is ill-suited to the purpose of Double-Crostics. It was first used, and quite properly, for crossword puzzles that read both up and down and across, but why continue to use such a clumsy device for puzzles that read only from left to right?" Personally, I think the heavy squares are a good device for separating the words and making the general content stand out. I think the substitute Mr. B. suggests, a series of lines,

A1 B2 C3 D4 E5 F6

representing a word, with stars or parentheses separating one word from another, would be easier to print but less helpful in puzzling DCs. We, I am sure, would be glad to consider changes for betterment. Has anyone any other ideas in this connection?

The week after I mentioned Corp. Sam Merford, from Sheppard Field, Texas, I was amused to identify him in a quotation from a letter he had written to *The N. Y. Times* in its discussion of classic and modern art (Sunday Magazine Section). His contribution read: "Artists today are teaching us, as artists have always taught us, that the boundaries of beauty's realm are infinite; we only must learn to extend our range therein."

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 553

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 30 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Opportune action or the like (3 wds.)

B. Abortive.

C. A chink; hoarfrost; rung of a ladder.

D. West bank of the Nile in the delta.

E. Mother of Apollo and Artemis.

F. A load of straw, rush, etc. (Irish).

G. Pertaining to a well-known 8-armed cephalopod.

H. A hard Italian *cheese* of ewe's milk.

I. A fat-tailed sheep of Bokhara which furnishes astrakhan.

J. One who relies on practical experience.

K. The forward end of an aircraft.

L. Kind of trumpet somewhat curved with a shrill note (Rom. Antiq.)

M. Hadassah of the O. T. (Bib.)

N. To be heedless and indifferent (colloq.; 2 wds.)

O. A job, course of study, etc., requiring little effort (colloq.; 2 wds.)

P. Immense expanses.

Q. Affording nourishment.

R. Insignificant person of pompous appearance (Slang; 2 wds.)

S. Undecided as to 2 opposing theories, etc. (colloq.; phrase).

T. Boxing.

U. A topic or subject of discourse or written dissertation.

V. Combined with word in X, title of novel by Emily Brontë.

W. Poetic for Ireland.

X. Combined with word in V, title of novel by Emily Brontë.

Y. An imaginary fadeless flower.

Z. Lacking in repose.

WORDS

39 138 35 19 120 155 32 133 172 178 66 3

37 98 148 62 106 119 154 17 137 46

158 24 112 5

152 186 164 50 16 162 88

51 74 64 123

128 30 104 77 139

69 58 146 33 182 140 93 63

184 142 167 103 2 136

134 107 143 22 127

105 166 4 59 13 91 150

29 1 71 97

8 57 38 130 183 36

67 181 169 122 85 11

92 47 18 131 116 87 10 185

170 42 81 159 83 49

180 7 25 95 82 45 15 124 153

114 31 151 48 171 174 90 60 20 9 126 177

80 55 108 89 129 179 75 156

147 160 115 78 96 70 144 175 53 188

135 65 149 72 113 6 165 52 40 187

109 173 79 61 132

28 111 168 157 118 56 102

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117 43 84 110 21 73 161 145 94

14 141 176 23 41 34 101 121

86 125 68 12 44 163 76 27

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